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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF SPORTING and SENSATIONAL EVENTS

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NEW YEARS IN THE "WINGS."

THE FAIRY OF THE ENCHANTED REALM ENTERTAINING HER SUBJECTS IN AN EARTHLY WAY.—SEE PAGE 2.



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Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of every artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

O. S., Springfield, Ill.—Consult the official records.

C. E. W., Lebanon, O.—May illustrate the affair. Thanks for sketch.

J. S., Benton, Mo.—Hardly of sufficient importance. Thanks for kindness.

F. W. C., Rawlins, D. T.—Have not had photo of party mentioned. Send it on.

F. T., Galveston, Tex.—The population of New York is over 1,200,000. You lose the bet.

S. S., Atlanta, Ga.—Send something novel in the way of a sketch, and we will be apt to recognize your efforts.

A. M., St. Louis.—A picture of Pheim O'Toole appeared in the GAZETTE at the time of his death. You can get any back number you desire.

H. H. H., Lafayette, Ind.—The charges made were denied. Do not care to touch the matter until further developments are made.

H. S., Chicago.—By consulting numbers of the GAZETTE since No. 141, you will learn everything in connection with Prize Ring matters in America.

G. C. Mc., Jacksonville, Ill.—Much obliged for your kind offer. The matter has become too old for us to use. Would have accepted it readily at the time.

X. Y., Albany, N. Y.—If you can send us any political sketches not of a partisan nature during the time the Legislature is in session, will accept them.

B. R. K., Junction City.—The MSS. and original sketch went into the waste basket and thence to the junk shop. Would gladly oblige you, but you see it is impossible.

W. T. H., Harrisburgh, Pa.—Under no circumstances will we divulge the name of the party mentioned. He substantiated everything he said by undoubted proof.

Inquire, Buffalo, N. Y.—The "American and European Secret Service Company" is considered an A1 fraud and swindle. Their office is in Cincinnati. Govern yourself accordingly.

T. M., Troy.—The "Slang Dictionary" will give you a better insight into the ways of queer characters than any other book you could procure. If your newsdealer has not got it, send to this office.

T. M., Trenton, N. J.—"The Champions of the American Prize Ring" will soon be published. The delay is owing to the care bestowed on the portraits which will have a place in the book.

"STAGE STRUCK."—Cannot tell you anything about the subject. You will find a good, authentic history of her theatrical life in "Footlight Favorites." The twenty-five portraits embrace all of the most famous actresses now before the public.

A LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN, Nev.—There are times when your methods of dealing with law-breakers are very effective. But generally we believe in letting the proper authorities deal with such matters. Perhaps that don't work out your way. Try it thoroughly.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

To every reader of THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, and every one else, in fact, it wishes a "Happy New Year." The year just gone has been in many respects the most remarkable of the decade. During its passage events big with importance to humanity have occurred and left their impress on all future time. In Europe there have been wars and rumors of wars. The crowned heads have not been neighborly with each other according to Christian principles. Metaphorically speaking they have all been looking, like Pat at the fair, for "some one to tread on the tails of their coats." The result has been that their subjects have experienced an uneasiness not very conducive to prosperity and happiness.

In America things have been peaceable and lovely, its fifty millions of people being too busily engaged in attending to private business to care about fighting or anybody who wanted to fight. In this angelic disposition they have been bountifully seconded by the Creator. The earth has yielded rich harvests, as well-filled granaries amply testify. The hum of factories of all kinds has been a pean of grateful praise from thousands of happy homes where plenty has sat at the board and happiness crowned the feast.

There have been many drawbacks, many sad experiences and many causes for sorrow. We must expect all this until the millennium. Meanwhile we trust that the coming year will prove to all who have prospered a repetition of the one just gone. To those who have met with disaster, may 1881 prove so liberal with good fortune that they can laugh at the past.

During 1880 the POLICE GAZETTE has shared in the general prosperity in a wonderful degree. No year of the thirty-five of its existence has been so full of success. Its circulation has increased with every issue. Improvement has kept pace with its growing popularity. We are aware of the custom prevalent at this season of the year of making good resolutions and promises. But the POLICE GAZETTE has acquired so good a reputation for striving to be better that there is no need of outlining its policy for the coming year. The same spirit of improvement which has been characteristic of its management for 1880 will be developed and employed in the coming year. If a higher order of excellence can be attained, the POLICE GAZETTE will strive for it.

May good luck wait on every effort, reader, and health and happiness keep him company. If the wish is realized, you will have a Happy New Year.

THE ERA OF SOCIAL IMMORALITY.

Students of political economy have often asserted that civilization was the forerunner of immorality. Apropos of this subject the Chicago Times says: The Sprague case, which has just been given to the public with all its salacious details, and which, as everybody knows, is but the first installment of all the infidelities, wretchedness and indecencies connected with this social

development, may be cited as one evidence of the truth of the assertion in regard to the morals of society. Were it the fact that this case had just come to the surface, or that it were an isolated one, it might be urged that it proves nothing in respect of general morality; but the truth is, unfortunately, all of a reverse character. It is not an isolated occurrence; and the facts in it have long been before the public without in the smallest degree affecting the standing of the principals.

Conkling, the one who is at the bottom of the case, who has played the double role of Faust and Mephistopheles—that of tempter and seducer—has long been notoriously the lover of the wife; and has been so open and unblushing in his amour that it has been the talk of the world.

Now this fact has cost him nothing except possibly the annoyance of thinking how impudent the public has been to concern itself with his affairs. He has lost no standing in the community, either socially or politically; and this, despite the change that this is not the first family which he has entered as a friend and left as a seducer.

This is the Phallic age *redivivus*. Look at Christianity, a prominent official, posting his wife in the courts as a prostitute; at Cameron and his amours with the widow Oliver; at Hill, dogged by the lowest of courtesans as he went to and from the senate chambers of the United States; at the horsewhipping which a legislator received at the national capital, last winter, from a woman whom he had seduced; at all the infamous charges, facts, rumors, and the like in regard to the harems of the federal departments; and then add to these what is occurring all over the country in shape of clerical seductions, divorces for infidelity, murders by paramours, *et id omne genus*, and then let anyone successfully deny that this is again the Phallic age, with all its incredible indecencies, its debauchery, and its licentiousness.

The world, in swinging from the restraints of the Puritanical regime, has struck far back 'till it has reached the *bacchanalia* of its earlier life. We are once again where we once were centuries ago; and were one of the old bacchanals to come to life, and to watch for a time, our social develop-

ments, he would conclude that he was "home again" and that the spires of the churches meant what they did at the height of the era in which he before lived and worshiped.

A WIDOW CIRCUMVENTED.

Inducements Which Caused Her to Change a Fixed Determination.

There was a Detroiter among the trio of officials who passed over the route of the Butler Road to secure the right of way. In some cases farmers signed off cheerfully, in others money had to be used, but in one case the committee found a determined opposition. The road would divide a widow's farm, and she was independent, obstinate and defiant. She knew that her hay-stacks and barns would be destroyed by sparks, her live stock run over by trains, and her slumbers disturbed by the rattle of trains, and she wouldn't listen to argument. In this emergency one of the committee said:

"Madam, do you know of any widow in this neighborhood who would be willing to board a gentleman connected with the construction of our road? He is a widower, and prefers to board with a widow."

"No, I don't know as I do. Is he a nice man?" "Splendid man, and has money in the bank. We want him to locate permanently at this point, and are in hopes he will take a wife. It is very unfortunate that—"

"I never did take boarders," she mused, "but—"

"If you only could, now, I'm sure you would not regret it. He is extremely fond of children, and would be like a father to your little ones."

"Perhaps I might to accommodate you."

"Ah, thanks. He would be here next week if this right of way matter was decided, but as it is he may not—"

"Do you agree to pay damages if you burn my barn?"

"Of course we do."

"And I'll probably get used to the noise?"

"Oh, of course; in a week you won't mind it. Fact is, you'll sit up every night till midnight, anyhow, after the gentleman arrives."

"Oh, no, I sha'n't; I shall never love again; but if he is a nice man, and loves children, why, I don't know as I ought to stop your road. I guess I'll sign!"—Detroit Free Press.

A FICKLE DAME

Going Back to Her First Love's Money—Number Two's Experience in the Matrimonial Line.

Life is full of domestic tragedies and mishaps, and the road which seems to lead most directly to bliss often leads to a Sodom's apple instead. Men and women fall in love, fall in coo, and finally marry to regret it in a few brief months or years. The experience of others seems to have no effect whatever upon the smitten pair; their course is their own and they can see no similarity between it and that of any one else until after the deed is done, when they have ample time to repent at their leisure.

This was the case with Mr. Alex. Rose—an employee of one of the principal elevator companies of Kansas City—and his wife.

Mr. Rose met her about six years ago. She was then the wife of another man, but, notwithstanding this, Alex. married her, so smitten was he, and she secured a divorce afterward. They lived together very harmoniously in a pretty cottage in West Kansas until a short time since, when a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand floated across the horizon of their domestic felicity in the shape of a letter from husband No. 1, which vouchsafed the information that he had made a great strike in Leadville, Col. The cloud grew and grew, and the separation became wider and wider, until last Monday the climax was reached.

When Mr. Rose returned home after his day's work was completed, he found the house empty and his wife out. Supposing his wife had gone to visit some of the neighbors, he said nothing, nor did he mention the matter when she failed to turn up next day. But when Thursday came and no wife made her appearance, Alex. began to think a good deal, and his thinking led to an investigation, which proved that his wife had left the city and gone West. She went on the late train of the Union Pacific Monday night, and it is probable she has flown to the arms of her former husband, there to share in the newly-acquired wealth which report says he has become possessed of. Luckily they have no children, so that there are no innocent victims to suffer for another's misdeeds.

New Years in the Wings.

(Subject of Illustration.)

While everybody is taking a holiday, the players must work. The public, when it is in a good humor, must be amused. Therefore the temples of mirth open their doors and invite all in search of fun to come and get it on their boards. The merry dispensers of that article, however heartily they may contribute to the public's amusement, do not take part as heartily as they seem to. It is acting, nothing more. The merry party whom our artist has sketched believe evidently in joining in the general good cheer, not in mimicry, but in earnest. The flowing bowl finds its place in the midst of their labors and lightens their task. The queen of the fairy realm of the stage becomes the hostess in real life, and dispenses her hospitality as liberally as she does her fairy smiles and good wishes to her subjects in the mimic world. "New Years in the Wings" passes as pleasantly oftentimes as it would in some grand parlor filled with callers, whose only interest in the host and hostess is what they can get out of them.

EXTRA!

JUDGE LYNCH IN PENNSYLVANIA.

He Sends a Brutal Villain to the Great Unknown in Short Order—A Monstrous Crime and its Well-Deserved Punishment! (With Illustrations)

Living in the little hamlet of Santee's Mills, four miles from Bethlehem, Pa., was a German family by the name of Geogle. It consisted of Jacob Geogle, his wife Annie, and their three children, aged respectively 9, 12 and 16 years. Boarding in their house was a young man by the name of Joseph Snyder. Alice, the eldest of the Geogle children, had frequently complained to her father that Snyder had been in the habit of annoying her by improper proposals, and the result was several stormy interviews between the father and Snyder, which finally culminated in the latter being ordered to quit the house. This occurred on Christmas Day. Snyder remained, however, and on Sunday, the 26th inst., spent the day in the house, quiet seemingly having been restored. At an early hour that evening the family, including Snyder, retired to their beds. At 2 o'clock in the morning George B. Ritter, who lives a few rods from the Geogle residence, was awakened by Snyder, who said that robbers had been to the house and murdered Mr. and Mrs. Geogle. Ritter called his hired man, Hugh Sandt, who accompanied Snyder. The two stopped at the house of Joseph Santee, and then hastened to Geogle's house. In the room occupied by Geogle and his wife a shocking spectacle was present. A prettily wrought bed-quilt was removed from the head of the bed and there were exposed to view the murdered couple, Jacob Geogle and his wife Annie, the former about 39 and the latter 34 years of age. The instrument with which the deed had been committed, an ax, was still lying crosswise over the breast of the woman, as placed there by the murderer. The sharp end of the ax had been used in doing the work. Mr. Geogle's head presented a shocking appearance, the upper portion of his skull having been crushed in, and a frightful gash had been made across his mouth. His head was almost severed. Mrs. Geogle's skull was also fractured, and her throat cut. Both lay side by side, weltering in their blood.

The news of the tragedy spread rapidly. Among the first to put in an appearance was Detective W. W. Yohe, who at once began an investigation. Following him came crowds of farmers, and the excitement became intense. From the children it was learned that Snyder had entered their room during the night and endeavored to accomplish his hellish purpose on Alice. Not succeeding, however, he locked the door on the outside. Then it is supposed that he went down stairs and murdered the sleeping couple. Snyder was attired in a shirt only, and with his hands dripping with blood, he crept back into Alice's room. She had a companion sleeping with her, and as soon as he touched the bed they awoke and ran screaming from the room. He followed, and drove them and the children into an upper room, and locked the door. Through a stovepipe hole they saw him burn his shirt in the room below. Then he dressed himself, let them out, and took them to the room where the murdered parents lay, saying that burglars had done the deed, and that he was going to alarm the neighbors.

Search was immediately begun for the scoundrel. For hours he was hunted without success. At length Detective Yohe, searching through the straw in Captain Ritter's barn, caught the murderer by the leg. He made no resistance, and the detective handcuffed him and took him to the scene of the tragedy, followed by a large crowd of persons, who yelled, "Hang him! Hang him!"

The prisoner was then taken into the house and carefully guarded by Detective Yohe with revolver in hand. Threats of hanging the prisoner were continuously made. The people would not listen to reasoning. The Rev. D. F. Brendle of Bethlehem, who was present, asked the prisoner:

"Did you do this dreadful thing?"

"Yes, I did," he answered.

When asked why, he said lightly, "Ah, that is the question."

The coroner started with a jury to go to a room upstairs. As soon as he was gone the crowd entered and hustled the detective out of the way. A rope was thrown over Snyder's neck, and he was dragged and pushed to the door. The clergyman implored the lynchers to pause, and addressing Snyder, said: "They will make short work of you; do you want to say a prayer?"

He answered: "No, I want to be hung. I never said but one prayer, and that is enough."

He fell down the front steps, and they dragged him on his back to a tree. The detective fought his way to Snyder's side, and said: "I can't save you, Snyder." He replied, coolly, "Oh, that's all right."

A double clothesline was put around his neck in a noose, and the other end was thrown over the limb of a chestnut tree. Then they swung him up. The rope slipped down the limb, and he fell to the ground. Then a man mounted the tree and passed the rope over another limb, and they swung him up again. He showed no fear and never asked for mercy. The rope was made fast to the fence on the other side of the road and he was left hanging for half an hour.

Too much credit cannot be given to the brave and determined efforts of Detective Yohe in trying to save the prisoner's life. Three times did he drag him from under the fatal limb, and winding the rope around his right arm placed his own body between the murderer and his enemies. The prisoner, instead of pleading for mercy and his life, seemed to rather court death, and in direct opposition to the efforts of Yohe placed himself under the tree. An agile youth mounted the tree, and threw the rope over one of its branches. The eager crowd, numbering about one hundred, grabbed the other, and hauled the murderer up. So quickly was it accomplished that Yohe, whose arm was still entwined in the rope, was hoisted three or four feet in the air with the murderer. The prisoner was asked if he had anything to say, and confessed, in trembling voice, that

THE TOMBS.

Its History, Romances and
Mysteries.

LIFE AND DEATH

In New York's Famous
Jail.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BURDELL MURDER MYSTERY.

Emma Augusta Hempstead was the daughter of Christopher and Sarah Hempstead, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Her father was a rope maker by trade. He was a very religious man, a member of the Methodist Church, and died reputed rich. Mrs. Cunningham was born in the city of New York, on the east side of the town.

She became acquainted with George Cunningham, and had her first child in her father's house in Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, previous to his death, which took place in 1836 or 1837. Afterwards she lived in New York in splendid style until her husband failed in business, when she again moved to Brooklyn.

Mr. Cunningham went to California. He, however, was unsuccessful, returned, did not do much of anything afterwards, and finally died in Flatbush, Long Island, at or near the residence of the brother of Mrs. Cunningham. There was an insurance on his life at the time of his death of \$10,000, which Mrs. Cunningham received, and on which she lived after the death of her husband.

Dr. Harvey Burdell was born in Herkimer County, New York, in 1811. His father died before he knew him; while he was yet a child his mother moved to Sackett's Harbor, New York; with her he resided till he was thirteen years old when she turned him into the street, forbade him ever to return to her house again.

After studying dentistry in his brother John's office, which was then located on the corner of Chambers street and Broadway, where A. T. Stewart's store now stands, he went to Philadelphia when about twenty-one years old, and pursued a regular course of study in the Pennsylvania Medical College.

Having graduated in the college at Philadelphia he returned to this city and entered his brother's office, learning and practicing dentistry during the day and practicing medicine at night.

Harvey Burdell, after being in his brother's office a short time, opened an office for himself. Harvey was a man of strong feelings and passions, and he frequently quarreled with his brother; he was very penurious in his transactions and economical in his dress and habits, but he began to manifest a very licentious and loose character with all his means.

He is represented by those intimately acquainted with him to have been a very peculiar man. He hated children; and never had any pets in his life except some Guinea pigs. His pet curiosity was a servant girl named Biddy (nobody ever succeeded in ascertaining if she had any other), who was popularly reputed never to go to bed, for the alleged reason that the doctor never furnished her with a bed, or anything to sleep upon. She was poorly clad, and hardly ever had anything to wear upon her feet. He never provided her with anything to eat, but gave her a small weekly salary, upon which she supported herself, buying her food at the groceries.

This girl could speak four languages fluently—English, French, German and Spanish. She had a great passion for studying and learning languages. She was an Irish girl, and a most faithful servant. She frequently saved the doctor getting a beating, for if a fight occurred, which his temper made frequently, she would run between him and his assailant and stand there till she stopped the fighting. She slept sitting on a stool in the kitchen below the hall door, so if any person rang the bell or entered the house at any time of night she would know it and attend to them. Yet, for all these services, she barely received enough pay from the doctor for her subsistence.

Unfortunately for the doctor, he starved this faithful servant to death before he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Cunningham.

That event came about in a very matter-of-fact way. He bought a house, No. 31 Bond street, and leased it, retaining rooms for his own accommodation. He rented it to Mrs. Cunningham, retaining his reception parlors and his operating room on the second story. Mrs. Cunningham was a fine-looking lady. Rumor has it that she loved the doctor, and objected, quite naturally, to his paying attention to other ladies, which, it would seem, he was in the habit of doing. What was sauce for the gander was by no means sauce for the goose however. She had a lover in the person of a lodger in the house, a lady-killer named John J. Eckel, and the doctor's jealousy of this person led to frequent quarrels.

On these occasions his mistress would bounce off, and her eccentric victim would be utterly miserable until she consented to be won back to him.

At the commencement of the year of grace 1856, there lived at No. 31 Bond street, besides Dr. Burdell, his housekeeper and the fascinating Eckel, a Mr. Snodgrass, aged eighteen, who played the banjo, two sons of Mrs. Cunningham, aged eight and ten years; two daughters (Helen and Augusta), a Mr. Daniel Ulman, who once ran for the presidency of the United States and was defeated by an almost unanimous majority, and Hannah Conlan, the cook.

The night of Friday, January 20, 1856, was a dark, disagreeable one. A thick, murky fog rested on

everything, and blurred the light of the street lamps. The rain beat wildly against the windows of the house, and trickled, like tears, down the panes of glass. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon of that day Dr. Burdell opened the door of the house No. 31 Bond street and stood a moment on the stoop. He was a fine, portly looking man, of middle age. After a glance at the angry sky and a pulling up of his muffler around his throat, he started for the Metropolitan Hotel to get his dinner. That was the last seen of him alive.

About half-past 10 o'clock that night a gentleman, living at No. 36 Bond street, was about retiring for the night. The street was silent, and there was no sound save the distant rattling of a coach in Broadway, and the rain beating against the windows. Suddenly the cry of "Murder!" rang out on the night—one distinct, blood-curdling shriek, and then all was silent. The gentleman could not tell exactly from whence the sound came, but thought it was from the direction of Broadway.

Later in the night some one saw a light in an attic room at No. 31; it was not the light of a lamp but the light of a fire—in a fire in which something was being burned. The smell of consumed clothing and leather was noticeable.

During the evening previous, and while Dr. Burdell was out at dinner, Mrs. Cunningham came down to the kitchen. No one was there save Hannah Conlan, the cook. The following conversation occurred:

"Who was that woman, Hannah, you were showing through the house to-day?"

"That was the lady who is going to take the house."

"Then the doctor is going to leave it, he?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And when does she take possession?"

"The first of May."

"He had better be careful; he may not live to sign the papers!"

About 8 o'clock the next morning (Saturday) a small boy, who took charge of the doctor's room, came to the house for the purpose of making a fire, as was his usual custom. He went into the basement, got a scuttle of coal, and carried it to the door of the room on the second story. The door was unlocked and he pushed it back. It struck something. The something it struck was the head of a man—of a man lying upon the floor, in a pool of blood. There was blood everywhere—upon the chairs, upon the door, upon the wall. The life-fluid of the man lying there, and staring up at the ceiling, had spurted five feet high against the door. There was blood in the hall, on the stairs, in the lower hall, on the front door. There was blood on the stairs going up towards the roof, and blood on the floor of the attic room. In the room where the dead man lay the gas was burning at full head. The dead man had not been to bed, but lay there just as he had come in from the street. It was the corpse of Dr. Harvey Burdell.

Mrs. Cunningham and her family were composedly eating breakfast—unconscious, apparently, of that horrid scene up stairs. When told that Dr. Burdell was murdered she gave way to wild grief and would not be comforted. Eckel did not appear particularly disconcerted.

An examination of the body of the dead doctor showed fifteen stab wounds. They were made, as it appeared, with a long, keen, narrow dagger. Around his neck was the mark of a cord, as if he had been strangled. The appearance of the room made it evident that the death struggle had been terrific. The furniture was upset and knocked about in a chaotic manner.

This was about all the public ever knew about the Burdell murder. The trial of Mrs. Cunningham began on May 6th, 1857, and lasted three days. She was defended by Henry L. Clinton, Esq. District Attorney A. Oakey Hall conducted the prosecution. The jury, after being out an hour and a half, returned a verdict of "Not guilty." Mrs. Cunningham was immediately discharged and returned to her home in Bond street. Eckel died in the Albany Penitentiary, where he had been sent for complicity in some whisky frauds in Brooklyn long after, and Snodgrass died quite recently.

The circumstance that District Attorney Hall managed to write a very dreary farce called "The Coroner's Inquest" on the trial was not the most curious outgrowth of it. During the proceedings evidence was adduced to show that on the 28th day of October, 1855, the Rev. Dr. Marvin married Mrs. Cunningham to somebody. The certificate said it was Dr. Burdell, but his relatives swore he was personated. Once his lawful wife, she would be in a condition, should the doctor die suddenly, to stand in for her share of the property, and this was the motive alleged for her committing the crime many considered her guilty of.

This alleged marriage led to the existence of the famous phantom baby which Mrs. Burdell-Cunningham did not have.

It was while in the Tombs that Mrs. Cunningham conceived the idea that it was now policy for her to prove to the world, by the presence of an heir, her relation to the deceased doctor. Besides, as wife of the dead man, she would get only one third of his estate, while as the mother of his child she would get it all. She informed Mrs. Foster, matron of the prison, of her interesting condition, and completely deceived that estimable lady. Once back in Bond street she continued her deception. She went about it systematically, and in her "make-up" showed she was a true artist. Her form became daily more rotund, and more in accordance with Hogarth's line of beauty.

Unfortunately, though, she had to have a doctor to assist in her deceit, and the practitioner she made a confidante of was a friend of the District Attorney's, Dr. Uhl. He gave her, to use a vigorous localism, "dead away." The bogus baby he procured for her was furnished by Oakey Hall, and he furnished a policeman to take care of it. Mrs. Cunningham was forced to come from the bed on which she was only playing at confinement and enjoy the real confinement of the Tombs.

Nothing came of the case, however, and Mrs. Burdell was set at liberty. The little girl used in carrying out the deception was called Justitia Anderson, and both she and her genuine mother were secured by Mr. Barnum, and exhibited at the Museum at "25 cents a head, children half price." She was a pretty, blue-eyed little girl, and seemed to enjoy her notoriety very much.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SIREN'S STORY.

An Old Mariner Who Got Wrecked in His Dealings With a Gay Female.

A singular case with some racy developments has just closed in the Oakland (Cal.) Courts. It was the suit of Miss M. A. Hynes against Capt. Nelson, of the well-known firm of Goodall, Perkins & Co., shipping merchants. Perkins, of this firm, is the present Governor of the state. The suit was brought for \$40,000 damages for false imprisonment. Miss Hynes' story before the court was so interesting that the jury never thought of taking a nap, and they awarded her \$5,000 for her lacerated feelings and reputation. Her story is substantially as follows:

She was educated in Boston and came to California in 1874 as the reputed wife of a man named Kuhls. She had \$7,000 in bonds and money and soon separated from Kuhls. She then began to haunt Pine street and consort with brokers in Pauper alley to get points on stock. She here met a wealthy broker, J. West Martin. As he was married and could not give his undivided attention to her, he introduced her to Gov. Perkins. At Perkins' store she met other members of the firm, and, as she said, "had a jolly time." She told the jury Perkins called her "Muhisey" and "Kuhler," and invented other equally endearing names for her, but old Capt. Nelson was not introduced for some little time. When he secured her favor he made up for lost time. He laid siege to her affections and carried them by storm. This was in the fall of 1876, and they spent the season in festive excursions to the Yosemite, Los Angeles, Monterey, San Jose and other resorts. She felt so sure of his honesty that she entrusted him with money, stock and documents.

When winter came the Captain threw her off, but kept the money and valuables. Then she began suit for breach of promise and for \$8,000 loaned. The Captain was then up to his eyes in litigation. Soon after he began his pleasure trips with Miss Hynes his wife brought suit for a divorce, with a division of property, amounting to \$75,000, and got both. About this time his wife brought another suit, claiming the Captain had concealed a portion of the property, and that she was entitled to \$200,000 for October, 1879; therefore the Captain had this programme of legal amusement: Fourth District Court, suit for breach of promise; Miss Hynes' suit for \$8,000 loaned by Miss Hynes; suit for \$250,000, Mrs. Nelson.

To make matters worse, he had reason to believe that Miss Hynes and Mrs. Nelson were about to make common cause against him. He allowed the suit for conversion of property to go by default, and according to the testimony of Miss Hynes invited her to Oakland to discuss a compromise. On Oct. 2d she came and brought with her a good serviceable umbrella which she wore to pieces on the faithless mariner's head. For this the Captain had her arrested, but her friends bailed her out. The next morning the Captain came to San Francisco and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Miss Hynes on a charge of attempt to murder. The complaint alleged that Miss Hynes had offered Mary Debog, of the Captain's culinary department, \$1,000 to spill a little poison in the cup of Miss Lizzie Nelson. Miss Nelson passer for the Captain's niece, but Miss Hynes alleged that the relations existing between the Captain and the young lady were of such an extraordinary character that protestations of blood relationship couldn't be entertained. Miss Hynes, being unable to get bail, was put in the Oakland Jail, where she was visited by the Captain, and, without her attorney's knowledge, agreed to compromise all suits for freedom and \$1,000. As soon as released, her attorney brought this suit for \$40,000 damages.

Capt. Nelson occupied the witness stand for an entire day. He charged that Miss Hynes was a vulgar adventuress, and that the meetings with her at Monterey and elsewhere were wholly accidental. His story of the umbrella encounter was very ludicrous. He had driven up to his house and was getting out of his buggy when he saw Miss Hynes. He jumped back quickly, whipped his horse and dashed down the street. When he pulled up at a safe distance and alighted up came the enraged woman on a dead run, brandishing the umbrella with which she assaulted him over the head. It was expected Gov. Perkins would testify in the case, but for some reason he did not appear. The Judge, in summing up, said a large amount of mud had been thrown on both sides, but he considered it about a "stand off" between the two. The Captain's attorney moved to set aside the judgment, as the case had not yet ended, and any scandalous gossip overlooked in the trial may be raked up.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Mary Anderson, the talented young American tragedienne, is considered by many the most promising actress now before the public. During her brief career she has evinced a disposition to reach the highest round in the dramatic ladder of fame. Her methods have been appreciated, and her success has been such as to warrant the belief that she will eventually realize her ambition. Her repertoire embraces many characters which have become famous on the stage. In the impersonation she naturally is crude to a certain extent. Time and study will do much for her. She is willing to learn, appreciates the fact that experience is a great teacher, and with such opinions to guide her, will no doubt, raise to a high position.

WEARY OF A HERMIT'S LIFE.

Looking for a Wife After a Lonely Life of Forty Years in a Dismal Cave—The Results of a Disappointment in Love.

DINGMAN'S FERN, Pa., Dec. 29.—Austin Sheldon, who has lived a hermit's life for over forty years in a deep and dismal cave in the wilds of Lehman Township, Pike county, eight miles from this place, has recently come to the conclusion that he could enjoy the remainder of his days more comfortably by taking unto himself a wife. He has always until within a few months expressed a bitter hatred for the fair sex in consequence of a disappointment in love when he was a young man.

Sheldon was born in Connecticut, near the village of Bradford, in 1806. He lived at home, his father being a wealthy farmer, until arriving at man's estate. Then he became enamored of a young and accomplished woman in the immediate neighborhood and they became engaged. The woman's parents were averse to the match, and broke it off by sending their daughter to a boarding school. She was sent away in the night without Sheldon's knowledge. As soon as Sheldon learned that she had gone he started out to find her. He traveled from state to state, and spent the greater part of his money in the search. At length, failing to find her, he grew despondent and threatened repeatedly to take his own life.

One night, after the family had retired, Sheldon deserted his home without the knowledge of his parents. His prolonged absence alarmed the family, who, after scouring the neighborhood in vain for the missing man, came to the conclusion that he had committed suicide, as he had repeatedly threatened. A reward for his restoration to his family, dead or alive, was offered, but nothing came of it. After waiting months in the hope of receiving some tidings of the absent one, the family gave up all hope of ever seeing him again. They firmly believed that he was dead, until, a few years ago, his whereabouts were made known by a paragraph in the New York *Evening*. Sheldon walked from Connecticut to Milford, the county seat of Pike county, Pennsylvania, where he purchased a small, uncultivated tract of land in Lehman Township. As there was no clearing within several miles of him, and having no money to build a house, he sought a cave in the rocks, and subsisted on fruit and game. This cave has since been his home. Day by day Sheldon grew more and more averse to seeing any one, and for years he would secrete himself if he saw a stranger passing near his abode. But of recent years he has grown more sociable, and strangers are welcome to his dismal cave.

Sheldon has lived without a companion of any kind for upward of forty years, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, and the fact that he has had many hairbreadth escapes by animals, forest fires and exposure to the cold, he still expresses his intention of spending the remainder of his days in his gloomy abode. He has for the past two years been receiving letters from relatives in Connecticut, urging him to abandon his wretched home and return to his native state, where he might live and not want, but to all such entreaties he has turned deaf ear. His quarters are about the same to-day as they were when he began his hermit life, only the surrounding country is more thickly populated. The old hermit uses no stove, but does his cooking over a stone fire-place. He sleeps in an old rocking-chair, and uses blocks of wood for chairs. He has no light at night, except that coming from the fire-place. He has not shaved in over forty years, and a thick, shaggy beard covers his face, and his hair is grizzly gray. He is as deaf as an adder, and has been so for years. Persons, who frequently visit him through curiosity, converse with him by writing on a slate.

Notwithstanding the land the hermit owns is not worth the taxes, he entertains the belief that untold wealth lies buried beneath the surface. He is continually exploring among the rocks in the hope of discovering some kind of mineral. Since he has taken it into his head to marry, he has been continually on the road in search of a companion. He called at the house of a young and respectable widow a few weeks ago, and offered to marry her. She made no reply, but seizing a kettle of boiling water, caused the intruder to make a hasty retreat. Sheldon has since been making matrimonial calls in another direction. He is a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. He is growing very feeble, and his death by freezing may be recorded before the close of the present month.

A Merry Couple.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A brutal scene was presented on the streets of Chagrin Falls, O., this past week. Edward Wilson and wife, a degraded couple, living in Orange in the winter and traveling as gypsies in the summer, came to town with a span of colts and a sled to get some milling done, and had put more moneys into gin, apparently than the necessities of life, and were accordingly reeling drunk, the wife so much so that she fell into the ditch at the cross walk in front of the mill and had to be helped out. Afterwards she raved about, fell down several times and used the vilest of language. She finally fell into the sled, and, after her husband had found his whip and struck her with it several times across the face, he also sidled up to the sled, his feet flew out at the side and he went, partially, as had his wife, when they drove away—human in form, but brutes in all other qualities that go to make men and women. Such scenes ought to stand as good temperance lectures.

Made to Disgorge.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Heingartner, of Canton, Ohio, has nerve of the right sort. A tramp called at her house for something to eat, which she set out. She was alone, and stepping into the next room secured her husband's revolver. On her return, she saw that the tramp had pocketed her silver, but she forced him to disgorge at the muzzle of the shooting-iron, and then leave.

A TUMBLE FROM VIRTUE.

A Woman Who Once Shone in Society Meanders Into Forbidden Paths.

Leavenworth, Kan., society will be somewhat agitated to learn of a scandal in which is implicated a woman who once shone in the best society in the city up the river. She was formerly the wife of a well-known dentist, and upon his death occurring married her present husband. The military man referred to is a bank cashier in a Pittsburg bank. A paper in that city says:

There was a story of domestic infidelity published in the papers not long since in which a well-known military man figured as the cause of a broken circle. The husband had reached the point at which positive measures are taken, after a long period of harrassing suspicion. He had separated from his wife, or she had separated from him, and the whole unhappy situation was on the ragged edge of publicity and consequent disgrace for all concerned. A divorce was under preparation by the husband, but before the papers were filed in court conciliatory advances were made, the husband condoned past offences under the promise of the wife that she would sin no more, and the sky seemed clear.

Since that time nothing has been said about the matter. The family that was so nearly wrecked quietly took up its stakes, so to speak, and left the city. The husband could not bear the scene of his wretched experience, nor to come in contact with those who knew it, and especially of him who caused it.

He sought and found a place in Philadelphia, and there too took his wife and re-established a home. His occupation was that of traveling salesman for a business house of the Quaker City, as it had formerly been for a Pittsburg house.

All went serene for a while, but it was a very little while. The husband left home for an extended trip. In the course of his circuit he stopped at Pittsburg, and while he learned that the military gentleman, who had been the cause of so much trouble to himself, was out of town. He became filled at once with his old fears, and immediately purchased a ticket for Philadelphia. There, as he suspected, he found the military gentleman enjoying the company of his (the traveling man's) wife—"putting up with and for her," according to a letter written to a friend by him in this city. "I should have killed the d—sneak and her too, but I just came away and concluded I could get even



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS TURFMEN.

PATRICK NOLAN, CELEBRATED JOCKEY.

the head, when a voice querulously asked, "Whash matter?" The miner told the owner of the voice that he would be a dead man in less than an hour if he didn't get up and move on, at the same time assisting the fellow to his feet, adjusting his hat and brushing off his clothes. When the snoozer had fairly got his eyes open he said: "Why, damn ef I don't b'lieve it's been snowin'!" When asked how he came where found, the man said: "I recollect of thinkin' last night that I had taken a drop too much, an' I guess it was so."

Wicked Lizzie Barton.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Miss Lizzie Barton, of Dewitt, Ill., is about as tough a female as one could find in a day's hunt. She has only reached the age of seventeen, but has distinguished herself as a first-class horse thief. Recently she stole a horse and buggy, and for a time eluded capture. When finally overhauled, she was locked up in the Dewitt jail. On the day set for her trial she cut her shoes to pieces, and the officials were obliged to get her a new pair before they could take her into court.

TEXAN FANATICS.

A Singular Body of Religionists and Their Queer Capers—Faith That Was Profitable For Glaziers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Great excitement has been occasioned at Dallas, Texas, by the discovery that a band of religious fanatics, styling themselves Sanctificationists, have been practicing their peculiar religion lately in a remote quarter of the city. Two women, named Mrs. Mueller and Mrs. Lizzie Copeland, her married daughter, have for the past week or more been fasting, claiming that they were sanctified to an extent that their bodies did not need sustenance. Several men, who hung idly about Mrs. Mueller's house, ate but little, going for days without food.

The families are Germans, and with them was an American of their faith. The women, after fasting for several days, would go off into a trance, and on coming to, would impart that the Holy Spirit had communicated to them. At a meeting a few days ago, a Mrs. Copenhagen stated that the Lord had directed her to reveal herself in her purity, and she disrobed herself of all her clothing, appearing before the members of the meeting in a nude state. She continued falling about the



"WHASH MATTER?"—A MINER, WHILE GOING TO WORK, SEES A HAT IN THE SNOW, AND, KICKING IT, FINDS A MAN WHO HAD LAID DOWN IN A DRUNKEN SLEEP AND GOT SNOWED UNDER.



LIZZIE BARTON, A FEMALE HORSE-THIEF, IS CAPTURED AND PUT IN JAIL, AND IN ORDER TO PREVENT BEING BROUGHT TO COURT CUTS HER SHOES TO PIECES.

with him," he says. To this end it seems the wronged husband has written these facts to the wife of the military man with the idea of bringing about the same result as has come to his own family. The husband is now en route for Colorado.

He says he has left his wife forever. Inasmuch as he has once condoned his wife's offence he will hardly be able, according to the laws of this state, to gain the divorce he once coveted. He is greatly affected by the shattering of his hopes which had been re-built upon his wife's promises, and declares he now lives to "get even" with the cause.

"Whash Matter?"

(Subject of Illustration.)

At an early hour a few mornings ago, says a Virginia, Nev., paper, a miner who was on his way to take his regular shift came to a big snow-drift and in the drift saw a hat. As stray hats are sometimes worth picking up in stormy times, our miner thought he would prospect his find. So he waded out to the hat and gave it a kick, when to his astonishment he found that it contained a head. Naturally he was somewhat shocked, as he felt that before him lay a genuine "dead-head"—a case for the coroner. However, he began hauling upon



A RELIGIOUS FEMALE FANATIC KICKS ALL THE WINDOW PANES OUT OF HER HOUSE IN ORDER TO SEE IF THE LORD WILL NOT REPLACE THEM; DALLAS, TEX.

house in a religious fervor, and in her tumbling she fell on a hot stove, and badly burned her arms and body. Mrs. Copeland was imbued with the notion that the Lord desired her to kick all the window-panes in the house to pieces, and she accordingly done so. Steps have been taken to put the party in the insane asylum.

Swapping Wives.

Butler Township and the eastern end of Knox County, Ohio, are all torn up over a social sensation, the facts of the case, as told by your correspondent from an authentic source, are these:

A well-to-do farmer and father of a large family eloped with his neighbor's wife. They came to Danville on the Cleveland, Mt. Vernon and Columbus Railroad, and being too late for the train, hired a conveyance and drove to Londonville, since which time nothing has been heard of them. Now comes the strange part of the story. The deserted husband and wife met for consultation, and it is said have been living together since the departure of the runaways, although not in accordance with the laws of God and man.

For a good reason the names of the parties concerned are for the present suppressed. It is thought the runaways will return.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.

The Peculiar Process That Transforms Cooks Into Queens, Servants Into Princesses and Dutchmen Into Soldiers.

[Subject of Illustration.] In this advanced age of beauty appreciated and art perfected, where all that is calculated to delight the senses is so thoroughly admired and sought, there is perhaps no one department of the fine arts more worthy of notice than Bowery photography. The man who can walk down that classic thoroughfare and feel his soul unmoved by the brilliant display of the human form reproduced upon tin and wondrously tinted pasteboard, assuredly must be a block, a stone, a stick, from an artistic standpoint.

Upon either side of the street are to be found in almost every block a number of frames hung prominently upon the sidewalk, displaying a collection of photographs that are simply wonderful. There are huge apoplectic Dutchmen, swelling out pompously in soldiers' uniform and holding swords in their fat hands, as if that instrument of war were but the familiar beer glass. Then there are men dressed as kings and clowns, as negroes, Indians, Chinamen, as sailors, bull-fighters, Mexican horsemen, while the athletes that grace the fronts of these galleries are simply innumerable. There are wrestlers, boxers, runners, everything of which the sawdust arena is productive, gaudily arrayed in loosely-fitting tights and copiously adorned with stars and spangles. Nor does the theatrical profession escape. Photographs of all the roles, from the song-and-dance man to Hamlet, stare one in the face with such ludicrous perverseness that it is impossible not to wonder.

But the vagaries and conceits of the men in having their pictures taken are quite surpassed by those of the women. Fat, pug-nosed women, evidently cooks, actually appear in the costumes of queens and princesses; servant girls are to be seen in the familiar postures of the most approved photographs of leading actresses. When once the field of fancy is struck, the variety is endless. There are Dianas, Venuses, peasant girls, pages, sailors, coryphees, nymphs, maidens, cupids, Maud Mullers, and so on *ad libitum*. A very popular picture, judging from its prevalence, is that in which the form is as little concealed as possible, and some of the women who have their photographs displayed in this garb are most ridiculous indeed. Many of them had most imperfect forms, and those with whom nature had been prodigal in this respect had detracted from their charms by the horrible fit of the tights which they wore. The picture looked as though the flesh had shrunken and had left the skin hanging loosely about the body.

"Are those women in tights Bowery actresses?" was asked a proprietor of one of these photograph galleries, recently.

"Them actresses!" he repeated, with evident disgust at the inquirer's ignorance—"them actresses? Well, I should smile not. Them's pot-rasslers and hamber-maids and workin' girls. You see, they come



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

MARY ANDERSON, THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIENNE.

in here and want their pictures took in some high-fangled style, and we fix 'em up right off in tip-top shape, you bet." And the tobacco-spitting artist rubbed his hands in high glee.

"Then these fine-looking soldiers are not real soldiers, either?"

"Well, now, you make me laugh. That old fat

Dutchman ain't no more a soldier than that old frowsy, fleshy woman there is a queen. Why, them two come in here together. He wanted to be a soldier and she a queen, and I made 'em. Furry good, too, ain't they?" Some of these peculiar photographers have graded prices for pictures, but usually the creation of the character is gratis.

A CRIME TERRIBLY PUNISHED.

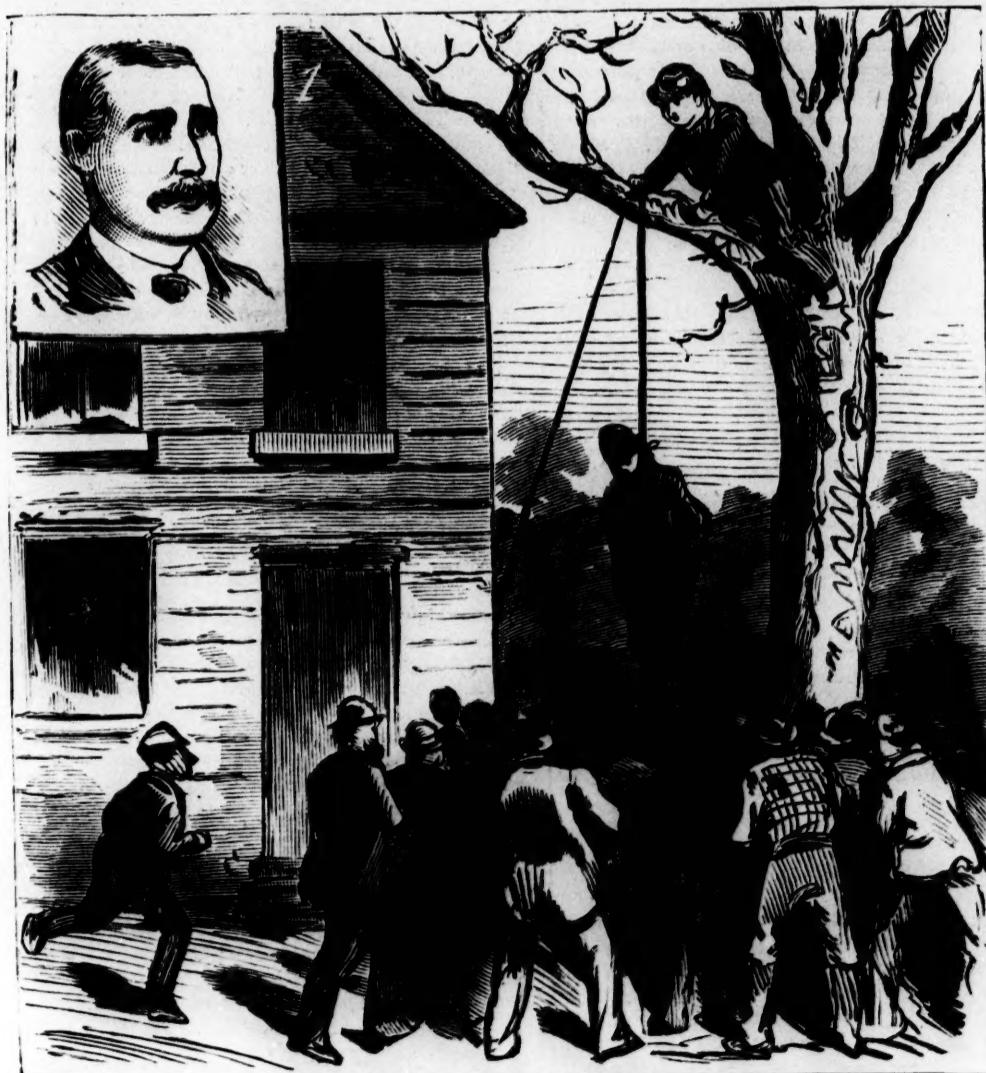
A Family Robbed and Burned—One of the Murderers Burned By His Captors.

A special from Tupelo, Miss., a station on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, gives the following account of a most horrible crime committed in the northern portion of Monroe county, Miss., last Saturday night. The details are as follows: Mr. Brown Riding, whose family consisted of his wife and a daughter two years old, on Saturday night permitted two men, giving the name of Miller, to stay all night at his house. They occupied a bed in the same room with the family, it being the only one in which there was a fire-place. About 11 o'clock flames from the little cottage attracted the neighbors, who found the house so far consumed that nothing could be done to save it. It was thought the family had gone away for the night, but the charred bodies of the three members were found in the debris. An investigation developed the above facts and search was at once made for the two men. It was found they had separated, one going toward Aberdeen and the other in the direction of Tupelo. The posse that went toward Aberdeen was successful in finding a man hid in a field, six miles from that place. He was returned to the scene, where he told the following story: "We wanted money. We were permitted to remain over night, and we lay awake after retiring until the heavy breathing of the family satisfied us of their slumbers, when we arose, chloroformed them, rifled the house of valuables, consisting of \$27, a watch, a suit of clothes and a pair of boots. Then we scattered cotton saturated with coal-oil over the floor and on the bed, and set fire to it and left."

The crowd was composed of 25 resolute men, who determined that the villain should be punished with his own weapon; they pinioned him, arranged pine splinters around him, and, having dispensed with the use of chloroform, set them afire. Diligent search is being made for the other man, who will doubtless share the same fate if caught.

A Place of Refuge.

A singular incident occurred recently in a saloon at Gallion, Ohio. The proprietor is a man who has a horror of rats, and one of these unnecessary creatures concluded, evidently, to play upon this feeling. A large dog that was hanging about the place scared up a good-sized specimen of the species and began chasing it about the saloon. His ratship made a pretty lively prospecting tour for a place of refuge from his impending death, and not succeeding in finding any place bounded up the side of the saloon-keeper's leg and thence into one of his pants' pocket, the dog in hot pursuit. For a few minutes mine host did some dancing that would make a professional can-canist envious. The rodent was grabbed by the dog, and peace reigned again. The saloon-keeper has a greater horror of rats now than ever, and vows vengeance on all the tribe.



THE GOOGLE TRAGEDY AT SANTEE'S MILLS, PA.

JOSEPH SNYDER MURDERING JACOB GOOGLE AND WIFE—JUDGE LYNCH METES OUT DEATH TO THE SCOUNDREL IN A SUMMARY MANNER—PORTRAITS: 1. JOSEPH SNYDER—2. ALICE GOOGLE, WHOM SNYDER ATTEMPTED TO RAPE.—[SKETCHED BY GAZETTE SPECIAL ARTIST.]—SEE PAGE 2.



HUMAN VAGARIES.

THERE are more divorces filed for trial in the office of the clerk of the courts in Dubuque, Ia., than ever known before in the history of that city.

A note from her father's counsel, offering to conduct her divorce suit free of charge, was among the presents received by a Philadelphia ride.

AN itinerant preacher of Sullivan county, Ind., had as his subject of discourse, last Sunday, "Sarah Bernhardt." It was decidedly effective to his hearers, especially when he referred to her as Sal Buckhardt.

AMONG the latest dodges practised in the rural districts of Wisconsin is to get a man to sign a temperance pledge, which afterwards proves to be a promissory note, calling for cash instead of total abstinence.

MME. PAQUET was arrested at Montreal last week, and confessed to having sent forward several young French-Canadian girls to Chicago houses of ill-fame. A young woman named Clara Beauchamp, who had just arrived from Chicago, retained two lawyers to defend the woman Paquet.

AT a ball at Schwarzenberg, Saxony, a young man entered, having what appeared to be a cigar in his mouth. He went to the chandelier as if to light it, and a terrible explosion ensued. The lights were extinguished, the walls partly gave way, some of the dancers were covered with blood, and the young man was blown to pieces. He had killed himself by means of a dynamite cartridge.

REV. EZRA D. WINSLOW, the noted Boston sorger, is now editor of the *Buenos Ayres Herald*. He has assumed the name of Lowe, and has reaped a rich harvest as a mediator between the Argentine confederation and Chili. He has married a sixteen year old girl, the daughter of a wealthy family. When the lady heard of wife No. 1 he asserted that he was divorced. Some three weeks ago he wrote to friends in Boston offering to give his wife \$15,000 if she would get a divorce from him.

A DES MOINES, Ia., lawyer engaged a woman to purchase a pint of whiskey at a Third street saloon, and when she procured the "evidence" the cute counsellor clamored for cash, and the saloon man came down to the tune of \$20. He then paid over \$6 to the woman as her share of the proceeds, retaining \$19 for himself. Since then the husband of the woman has been trying to employ legal talent to show cause why the attorney should not declare another dividend, but without success.

GEORGE W. PETWAY, charged with the murder of James Farris, a member of Coup's circus, was married at Nashville, Tenn., this past week to Miss Jeanna Bilbo, a lady of education, refinement, and wealth. Petway was recently released on bail from jail, where he had been confined since last summer for the murder of Farris. He will be tried at the next term of the criminal court, and, from the evidence adduced at the last term of the court, he will, in all probability, be adjudged guilty.

WHITE men are not permitted to marry in the Indian Territory unless they marry Indian women, but a man with a squaw for wife can take a farm wherever he chooses, provided it is a quarter of a mile from any other, and may occupy it as long as he cultivates it. The Choctaw and Cherokee girls prefer white to red skin husbands, and many have found this inducement sufficient to secure them, so that a large proportion of the children in that part of the territory are half-breeds.

JOHN PLAISTED is the hardware merchant of Everett, Mass., Herman Bachelder is the coal dealer, and both are highly esteemed citizens. Plaisted and the wife of Bachelder are good looking, and each claims to have received flattering comments from the other as to personal appearance. When they met socially, a few days ago, he said: "You are sweet enough to kiss." That was the remark as he reported it. She declares that it was, "Give me a kiss," and that he undertook to take one. Bachelder went to Plaisted's store and punished him with a cane, but was roughly handled and disarmed.

"IT was about 10 and dark as pitch," said J. Henderson, of Pancoast, near Reynoldsville, Pa., describing an adventure of a few nights ago—"as dark as pitch, I say, when I saw near me in the road a beast that looked like a bull-pup. 'Nice doggie,' said I, whistlin', and the beast ran up to me. Then I put out my hand to pat his head, at which the beast spit and hissed. 'That's no dog,' says I, takin' to my heels with the thing a-comin' double-quicly behind. The catamount, for that's what it was, sprang at my throat once, but my hand repelled the attack. The cat followed me to the school house just out of Pancoast, but I escaped."

A BURGLAR at Washington feigned insanity, pretended to hang himself with his bed clothes, and when cut down affected to be paralyzed and unable to walk. For eight months he was an enigma to the jail officers, as also a cause of trouble, a man being constantly in attendance to get him on or off his couch. Finally a galvanic battery was applied and he danced vigorously around his cell. During his trial, soon after, he would not utter a word, pretending that his tongue was paralyzed. The galvanic battery was again brought into requisition and applied to his nostrils, when he broke away from three stout guards, exclaiming: "My God, you don't intend to kill me, do you?" He was convicted.

To get married in Delaware it is necessary not only to pay \$4.50 for a license, but to furnish bond in the sum of \$200 as assurance to the state that everything is lovely, or, in lieu of license and bond, the banns must be called publicly for two Sundays in some church of the hundred in which the bride lives. The effect of these provisions is to cause couples without cash to ride up to Philadelphia or skip over

into Maryland to have the marriage ceremony performed. Seeing that by this state of affairs they are being deprived of what they regard as part of their income, the Wilmington preachers propose to ask the Legislature at its coming session to amend the marriage laws.

FOX hair splitting the lawyers of Connecticut certainly "yank the bun," as is now the fashionable way of saying "take the cake." A Colchester lady was crippled, probably for life, by injuries received while driving along a defective street on Sunday, and sued the town for \$10,000 damages, but got only \$50. The defense was that she was traveling on Sunday, in violation of the Sabbath laws of the state. The rebuttal was that she was on an errand of mercy, being on her way to see her sick sister-in-law. It was settled that if she established this fact she would win her case, but when it came out that she stopped in front of a friend's house, and, refusing to get out, asked if they had seen her lost dog, the errand of mercy point was settled against her.

THE PARIS JOURNALISTS are making the most of an extraordinary case of child abduction. Five years ago a young woman gave birth to a daughter at the house of a midwife in the Rue Montmartre. A few weeks after the father was informed that the child had died. The burial took place in due course, and nothing more was thought of the matter until the other day, when, owing to some private quarrel, a cousin of the young woman disclosed the fact that a dead child had been substituted for the living one, which was sold to a wealthy but childless couple for \$60,000, the money being divided between the midwife and the mother. The young woman, who has since been living in a villa at Anteuil on the proceeds of the sale, has been arrested, and the police are said to be on the track of her accomplice.

A NEW ORLEANS invalid bought six bottles of a patent medicine, warranted to cure the disease from which she was suffering. A notice was printed on the wrappers that the money would be refunded if, after following the directions implicitly, a complete cure was not wrought. The stuff did her no good. She demanded from the druggist, who was also the manufacturer, the \$9 which she had paid him. He refused it. She has begun a suit, and her lawyer assures her that, as she obeyed the directions in every particular, she has a clear case. Memphis, Tenn., also has some litigation growing out of the sale of some nostrum. In this instance a man bought from a barber a bottle of liquid to make the hair grow thicker on his head. He claims that it not only failed to do so, but it caused what hair he had to fall out. He wants \$1,000 to cover the damage.

A WELL-DRESSED Galveston gentleman found himself in a very embarrassing situation the other day. He had left his money at home and not a nickel or car ticket could he find anywhere in his clothing. He was about to leave the car, when a perfect stranger with a sinister cast of countenance, tendered the gentleman a nickel, who gladly accepted it and dropped it into the box. The gentleman then shook his unknown benefactor by the hand, thanking him for the confidence and accommodation, and asking for his address so as to return the money. "Never mind," responded the generous man, fiercely; "it's a counterfeit, anyhow. The street car company will make that hell-hound of a driver redeem it. They will dock his wages. I've got no spite at you. He is the scoundrel I am after. He has trifled with the affections of my sister, but this will show him what sort of a man I am when my blood is up."

TALES OF A SKINFLINT

Which Shows Him to be the Champion Mean Man.

"Talk about your mean men," said old Pioneer Skinderson at Phil McGovern's saloon the other night. "The very tightest, closest, farseeing, calculating Skinflint ever seen was old Klamskatter, the mine superintendent, who died up at Gold Hill the other day."

"Was, eh?" encouragingly remarked a customer, who was feeding Phil's bull dog with petrified sandwiches from the lunch-table.

"Yes, sir-ree; he was just pizen, he was; closer than the bark to a tree. When he was running the Hornet mine up at Virginia he used to skulk around the levels, disguised as a mule-tender, just to pipe off the men who didn't keep hard at it, so as to dock 'em the next Saturday."

"Why, the dern cuss!"

"But wait. He actually encouraged a drill-runner to tell a long story one day while they were waiting for some machinery to be repaired, and afterward docked the man half a day, and all the fellows that heard it four bits apiece for stopping to laugh. He charged one man ten cents for a single grin."

"Great gosh!"

"That's nuttin'. Jim Briggs, who was up on the lode when the old miser died, said that about an hour before Klamskatter handed in his checks he sent for the doctor and says he:

"Doc, give us the straight business. Is there any snow for me?"

"'Navy show,' said the doctor, 'you'll strike bed rock before night.'

"Then," said old Klamskatter, "I want some of you fellows to carry me up to the top of Mount Davidson right off. If I can light out from there it will save my soul a clear mile of transportation."

"And did they do it?" asked a man who had went up over by the stove.

"Well, no," replied the narrator, simply. "The boys took him over, put him on the cage, and then let him down to the lowest level of the Hornet, instead. They said that they guessed he had made a little mistake about the direction, so me how. To the best of their judgement his soul was going the other way."

MORMONISM UNCOVERED

And Some Queer Ceremonies Revealed
—The Practices of the Latter Day
Saints—"Too Muchie Mallied."

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Mr. Jarmin recently lectured in Brooklyn on Mormonism, and gave some very interesting accounts of his experience among them in the guise of a book canvasser.

"Americans, men, citizens, I implore you," said the speaker, "not to allow Utah to become a state. Murder and polygamy are their doctrines. According to their doctrines Jesus was not the God-begotten son of Mary, but the son of Adam and Mary, and he lived in Polygamy, and his blood is not sufficient to save mankind." The speaker quoted from one of the Mormon revelations, to show that if any one lived in a polygamous state, he would, in their belief, be among the first redeemed, no matter what sins or crimes he committed. Quoting from Brigham Young: "What would you say if the devil came and asked you for your wife? Why, certainly, you would say, there she is, there are plenty more."

The speaker read more extracts from Brigham Young's sermons: "If any of the miserable scoundrels— alluding to the United States judges and officers—come here let them be killed;" and all the people said "Amen." He went through the Mormon "Endowment House," taking with him a good lunch, a pint bottle of olive oil and a bundle. The lunch and the bottle of oil were delivered to the priest. It took a whole pint of olive oil to slide a sinner into the holy place. He had to take a bath and was anointed with the oil from the crown of the head to the sole of his feet. Women are subjected to the same treatment. The Mormons considered that if a woman was given salvation she would deliver it over to the devil in about five minutes. If she married a man, or part of a man—that man or part of a man was her Lord and Saviour. A holy marriage garment was then put on—a garment supposed to be invested with the charm of a swimming apparatus, fire extinguisher and what not—and all that without a patent having ever been applied. [Laughter.] He would not tell them all about the goings on in this Endowment House. He could not give them meat or cream, but only skim milk. The first oath that had to be taken was to obey the Mormon laws in preference to those of the United States, and the next oath was to avenge the blood of Joseph Smith on the United States. The speaker described some comical ceremonies and "priesthood grips," showing how the faithful of both sexes are at last admitted into heaven. The woman, after being given a new name, was to repeat something so filthy in this ceremony, that not even a Mormon would repeat it. He repeated a funny colloquy between two Mormon figures, one representing the Devil and the other Peter, which always took place in the Endowment House, which ended in the Devil being driven away and the convert being admitted by Peter into heaven.

Polygamy makes children coarse and brutal. "Where's your father?" you ask a child. "Oh, he's there with another woman," the child says; "he is with Mother Lisbeth this week." In Utah a woman is a mere chattel. I have seen a horse trade in which a man threw in exchange for a horse a woman and \$5 to boot. A grandmother, mother, daughter, aunt and niece will marry the same man. The speaker recounted many Mormon atrocities—murders and crimes generally. He read an order of Brigham Young to kill eighty teamsters, formerly employed by the United States government, on their way to California, and claimed that the American people allowed Christians to be murdered by these Latter Day Saints without punishing them. He gave a high-flown picture of the well-known Mountain Meadows massacre. People would say that all this happened long ago, and that the Mormons were rather more decent now, but to show that they had improved but little he cited the experiences of a *New York Herald* correspondent, who was nearly assassinated; General Agramonte, who was shot at only last October because he allowed some Presbyterian teachers to hold a school in his house, and other recent incidents. He would predict that, let the Mormon question once be settled, the wealth which would be developed in Utah would surpass all expectation. Views of scenes from Mormon history and of the Mormon country were then displayed on a large scene and were explained by the speaker. On another page the POLICE GAZETTE'S special artist has reproduced some of these scenes, which will give the reader an inside view of the doctrine of polygamy.

THE SPRAGUE SCANDAL.

A Decided Sensation at the Hub—Some Very Indignant Ladies.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 30.—The publication of the libel of Catherine Chase seeking divorce from her husband, ex-Governor Sprague, has fallen like a bomb shell among the community here. The libel was an anticipated to be on the grounds of cruelty and non-support, but when the allegations it contained were read—of adultery with numerous women, many of them well known here—a genuine sensation was produced.

Some of the women with whom the ex-Governor is alleged to have had adulterous intercourse this afternoon pronounced the charge wherein their names are connected to be false. A couple of these women gave vent to their feeling in a very threatening manner, and one of them intimated that it would be rather unsafe for Catherine Sprague, should she come within sight.

It has been learned that Catherine and her friends tried to effect an arrangement with the Governor whereby a divorce could be obtained by her without publicity. It is reported that with this purpose, A. Corbin, a banker of New York, tried to bring about such an understanding, and offered to buy up the claim of the Bank of Commerce in New York in the interest of the ex-Governor, if he would enter into a collusion with the object mentioned. The Governor

nor replied to this offer: "No mutual agreement shall be made for a divorce that will not justify my course in ejecting Roscoe Conkling from Canonicet," Corbin hoped to appeal to the sympathy of the mother of the Governor, but as her sympathies naturally ran in the direction of her own children, she would submit to no process which would seem to license Mrs. Sprague's past career. When this was understood, the decision came to file the wife's bill.

DEATH OF "GENTLEMAN JOE."

The Career of Dr. Dix's Eccentric Persecutor Brought to a Close in Prison—An Impostor Who Created a Stir Wherever He Went.

"Gentleman Joe" died at Sing Sing Prison last week before the first eight months of his three and a half years' sentence had expired. The death of this peculiar person, sometimes known as Eugene Fairfax Williamson, recalls a number of peculiar and interesting details in the recent criminal history of New York and by association reminiscences of "crookedness" in two great European capitals. His persecution of the Rev. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, was published in the POLICE GAZETTE, and is of too recent occurrence to need retelling here. Suffice it to say that he wrote a great number of threatening postal cards to this reverend gentleman; that he was finally captured in Baltimore; that he there confessed his guilt; that he was brought back to this city, and on the 26th day of last March was sentenced to a term of three and one-half years' imprisonment in Sing Sing Prison. His history, like that of most detected adventurers, is mixed up with whole cloth romance and ugly fact until one is unable, in the maze of truth and fancy, to distinguish the latter from the former. A strange fact in connection with the histories of all these grotesque criminals is that their histories merge with one another at certain points with such startling coincidence that one, in tracing down all the rumors, is convinced in a short time that he is on the trail of a plurality of adventurers instead of an individual. It was even so in the case of "Gentleman Joe," and during the time that his trial occupied public attention he was associated in common report with one Major Fairfax, who during the year 1863 "cut it fat" in London among the people of that metropolis of Confederate sympathies. It appears that at that time a certain Major Fairfax, who said he was a Virginian, and who darkly hinted that he should be "Lord" Fairfax, made the acquaintance of a number of Southern youths who were then pursuing their studies at Oxford, and was by them introduced into London society. He was ultimately discovered and disappeared. Now, whether the individual was Eugene Fairfax Williamson or not, has never been clearly established. It was established by no less evidence than the admission of the deceased that he was arrested in London in 1873 by a certain Jew, whom he had subjected to the same annoyance as that complained of by Dr. Dix. This Jew, he said, had worried him for some small debt, and he made use of the mail to annoy him a d, it is claimed, to extort money. He served one year's imprisonment for this offence.

In his confession he said he had no motive for annoying Dr. Dix; he wrote all the letters "just for joke." This joke of his was rather huge. He sent by means of advertisements great crowds of working men and women to the residence of the reverend Doctor at all sorts of unseasonable hours, much to the annoyance of the household. He wrote a bo, us letter to the *Herald* when the Famine Fund was being collected, stating that a certain Mr. Buckley would devote the whole proceeds of a day's business to the needy tenantry of Ireland, and then wrote to Mr. Buckley, calling on him to make good his offer. Numerous other people were annoyed by the postal attentions of "Gentleman Joe," and consequently it was thought during his trial that he was the victim of monomania. But it further appeared during the trial that the prisoner had spent a part of the year 1874 in Geneva, where he had victimized storekeepers to the tune of \$5,000. It appears that he was most luxurious in his tastes while here. He had his chairs so arranged that when one sat down a music box was put in motion; he had a loving cup which, when filled, discoursed sweet music; and by other devices he gave expression to Oriental and luxurious tastes.

His eventful history would be incomplete with a mere mention of his swindling and anonymous literary efforts. He had claims to distinction as plagiarist and his methods were the most barefaced on record. While in Pittsburgh, where he resided for several years previous to his arrest, he obtained quite a local celebrity as a poet.

Still Bloodthirsty.

An official at the Concord state prison is responsible for the following, which, he claims, was a recent occurrence at the institution. If it be true, and there is no good reason to believe it otherwise, young Pomeroy has lost none of his old-time hankering for blood. There was a pet cat in the prison, for which Pomeroy formed a strong attachment, at least so he pretended. Warden Chamberlain was importuned by the young convict for permission to have the cat in his cell as a companion, a request which the warden finally granted. His surprise can therefore be imagined, when, a few days after the animal had been placed in Pomeroy's cell, an officer discovered that the young fiend had improvised a knife out of a spoon, and with that instrument had removed every particle of skin from poor tabby's back. It is needless to say that Pomeroy will be in the future denied the privilege of having pets in his cell.

Jacob Gogle, and his wife Emma, residing at Santet Mill, Northampton Co., Pa., were killed with an axe by Joseph Snyder, a boarder in the family, December 26. Snyder wanted to marry their daughter—and they refused. Snyder chopped their heads open and brained them. Snyder was lynched by two hundred neighbors the next morning.

A ST. LOUIS ELOPEMENT.

A Daughter Who Ran Away With a Gray-Headed Imposter, Bears a Child Who Proves the Heir apparent to a Title and a Large Estate.

About six years ago there removed to St. Louis, Mo., a wealthy New Orleans, La., gentleman of very aristocratic antecedents. He brought with him his wife, a lady of great refinement and of rare social qualities, and his only daughter, a very beautiful girl of about fifteen years. The gentleman purchased a handsome property on Grand avenue and erected a fine house thereon. In this house the gentleman made his home, surrounding his wife and daughter with every luxury, and living in the best style that the city afforded.

For one year the life of this family was one of undivided happiness. The mansion of the New Orleans gentleman was the scene of many a recherche gathering, while its occupants were constant visitors at the houses of the elite of the city. The daughter, Clara by name, though a mere child in years was a young lady in both mental and physical development. She was much courted and already the fond parents had selected in the person of a wealthy, talented and respectable young gentleman of St. Louis a suitable suitor for their daughter.

Clara seemed to have no objection to her parents' plans and received the young gentleman's frequent attentions with such evident pleasure that there seemed no doubt of the eventual match.

It was just one year after the arrival of the family in St. Louis, when Clara, who was now sixteen years of age, met with an adventure which was fated to destroy the happiness of all the family.

On a bright Sunday morning in September she dressed to attend church with her mother. Just prior to their starting, however, the mother was called upon to visit a sick neighbor and decided to do so, leaving her daughter to go alone to church. The day was so pleasant that Clara decided to walk to Christ Church.

It was a little late when she arrived and when she proceeded to the family pew, she found it occupied by a strange gentleman. She was struck at the first glance by the remarkable appearance of this man. He was tall, finely formed and remarkably handsome, but some years past middle life, his hair and magnificent beard, worn English fashion, being streaked with abundant gray. He was superbly dressed, and carried himself as a thorough gentleman. He appeared to be unacquainted with the Episcopal service, and found it impossible to keep the right place in his book. Clara noticing his embarrassment, naturally enough assisted him in turning the leaves of the prayer book. This slight service was received in such a polite and polished manner by the gentleman that Clara felt no embarrassment in the situation and aided him through the service.

At the close of the service the gentleman followed Clara from the pew down the aisle to the church door, on the pavement, attracting no undue attention, as people supposed naturally enough, from his appearance, that he might be a friend of the family.

Accidentally or intentionally the gentleman met Clara several times. She always recognized his salutes, and finally met him at different places by appointment.

For only a few weeks these clandestine meetings were kept up, when suddenly one morning the family in the Grand avenue mansion awakened to a grief and amazement so astounding and unlooked for that for some time father and mother found it almost incomprehensible. It seemed to them as though it were all dream. The cause of all this sorrow was an untouched bed and a little pink-enveloped note containing only the words:

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: Good-by for the present. I am married and so happy. I am so sorry for Clarence, but, really, really I could not have made him a true wife. I will write soon from my new home and tell you all about it.

Affectionately your daughter,

CLARA.

"What does it mean?" "Married! and to whom?" "God have mercy on our darling!" These and other similar ejaculations burst from the lips of the agonized parents.

The father immediately set about investigating. For the first time he learned of his daughter's strange acquaintanceship. Amongst others he called at the house of a young lady friend of Clara's and there learned from the foolish and romantic daughter of the house that she had aided in Clara's clandestine meetings with her lover, but she naively informed the father that he need have no fear for his daughter, since she was sure that her husband was not only a gentleman but was a very wealthy one at that, and to prove her assertions she produced the alleged address of the man, the number and street showing it to be a very fashionable quarter in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A telegram to a New York friend soon convinced the father that his daughter's husband had at least lied about his residence, for it was found that no such person lived at the address given. Further investigation among down-town business men brought about the mortifying revelation that the man was a traveling agent for a New York house that made a business of supplying western dollar stores with cheap goods.

It now became clear that Clara had been woefully deceived. The shock to the mother was so great that, having retired to her bed on the morning of the discovery of her daughter's elopement, she never arose, but within a week died. The wife's sickness

alone prevented the father from immediately going to New York in search of his deluded daughter.

The day after the funeral the stricken father left for the East. There from the house for whom Clara's husband traveled he quickly learned the whole story of his daughter's deceiver. He was an Englishman, formerly an officer in the British army, who had been cashiered for misconduct and fled to this country to escape the penalty of some one of his numerous crimes. He had been some time in this country and had been literally taken from the gutter by the junior member of the firm and put on the road. He had done well at first and the firm were congratulating themselves on having secured so valuable an agent and at the same time effecting such a great reform.

Glover, the name he was known by in the firm, had, however, suddenly returned home about a week before, after long and to them unexpected delay in St. Louis, leaving a large portion of his route uncovered and appeared at the store drunk, bragging that he had married a rich St. Louis woman, and was done with work. In company with a member of the firm the father proceeded to the miserable rooms of Glover in a rickety old tenement. Glover was away on a spree, but there was his broken-hearted child-wife, for the first time in her life sitting in the midst of poverty and actually suffering for want of food.

This meeting of father and daughter was a strange conflict of joy and sorrow—joy at the reunion, sorrow for the fatal parting. It needed but the news of her mother's death, however, to extinguish all there remained of joy in this world for poor Clara.

Together the father and daughter left the scene of squalor. They waited not for explanations of or retributions on the destroyer of so much happiness. The father feared to meet the man, lest he would spill the villain's blood, and all thought that it were best to make no further noise over the affair.

Clara carried with her only her marriage certificate, for a possible future emergency. Father and daughter immediately returned to New Orleans. The St. Louis property was sold and the sad social tragedy was quickly forgotten by the select few who alone had been in the family confidence. Glover never sought his wife. He hung around New York for two years and then suddenly disappeared. A male child has been born to Clara and it lives.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. A few evenings ago there called at the house of a lady on Lucas Place, St. Louis, a gentleman, the junior member of the firm for whom Glover had traveled. He came for information of the father and daughter, whom he supposed still lived in that city. He obtained their address in New Orleans and left the next morning for that city. Before going, however, he stated that he had good news for Clara, providing her child still lived. It was that Glover had, some three years ago, fallen heir to a proud English title and an immense fortune, and had returned to England, where he is now living in affluence. He has purposely sought to keep his wife in ignorance of his changed fortunes, thus adding another to the many heinous offences committed during his life.

If it can be proven that Clara is his legal wife, her son will be the heir to one of the proudest titles and finest properties in England. The lady who was speaking of the affair, stated it was her belief that neither father nor daughter will care to establish the child's claim. They are rich enough now, and it is very doubtful if either of them would care to renew the acquaintance of the man who had already blasted the happiness of the family. "Besides," she added, "they belong to the proudest of proud southern families, and those families do not consider an alliance with the English nobility in any such light as do the shoddyites of the North."

"HUMAN NATURE IS HUMAN NATURE."

An Aborigine Who Followed the Example of the Pale Faces—How a Husband's Feelings Were Pacified.

A scandal among the highest circles of the Sioux nation has just been agitating aboriginal society at the Rosebud, Omaha, agency. The particulars are given by a gentleman who came from the place a day or two ago.

Some days since, young Spotted Tail, son of Spotted Tail, the renowned chief of all the Sioux, took advantage of the absence of chief Stranger Horse on a hunting expedition to persuade Stranger Horse's squaw to elope and live with him. They remained

several days in young Spot's tepee, without interruption of their guilty amours. Stranger Horse returned from the hunt to find his fire gone out, his squaw—he had but one—departed, and his tepee desolate. Gathering his friends about him he started out with his rifle, threatening the life of the chief who had brought shame into his household. The affair was reported to the agent, who summoned the faithless wife and her paramour to the agency, where they were confronted with the wronged husband. Young Spotted Tail seemed to have passed through a long debauch, and the woman hung her head in the presence of her husband. When the agent demanded of young Spot why he had committed this wrong, the culprit gave the same lamentable excuse that was offered by the first of the race of men: "She led me into it," said the wayward chief. After a full hearing of the case, in which the agent acted as a mediator, it was decided that the wounded honor of Stranger Horse should be healed by the gift of an American horse and a number of valuable articles, and that he should take back his wife and live with her again. Thus bloodshed was averted, and the scandal hushed. In following the usages of the tribe Stranger Horse will very likely make the faithless wife a man, and take another squaw unto himself.

THE STAGE LOVER.

A Sham Gentleman Who Makes conquests in Our Best Society.

BY AN OLD ROUNDER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Isn't he just the dandy?" you hear the little girl with the fluff of spun gold bursting like the tassel of over-ripe corn from under the gray plush hat remark. "Oh! how perfectly splendid!"

He certainly is a hero to capture far less susceptible hearts than little Miss Plush's. What with his faultless dress and his easy manner, the blonde beauty of that pointed mustache, the immaculate slickness of his banged hair parted in the middle in a line as straight as a rule could make it, his rings and pins and chains and handkerchiefs, not to mention his entrancing bow, the stage lover bursts upon his matinee audiences like the gallant knight in one of their favorite romances or the cavalier of the ballads they adore to sing. Maybe he does not know it, either.

If you think he don't, just watch him for five minutes, and see whether he is playing to the stage or the house.

It is a peculiarity of the stage lover's art that he not only makes hot love to the house in every line of his part, but that he has a way of doing it that persuades every woman in the theatre that she and she alone is the object of his special adoration.

When he pours his burning passion into his heroine's ear, he does it with side glances which include the whole audience in their comprehensive sweep, and hundreds of hearts thrill at his fervid words. When he empties the vials of his wrath on the woman who has scorned or betrayed him, scores of other women writhe beneath the lashes of his tongue. When, at the climax of it all, the heroine falls swooning into his arms, and all is well, quite a chorus of suppressed sobs float over the footlights to keep her company. And if she has been a bad woman, and he forgives her as she dies, to slow and tender agitations of catgut, you hear a whisper go through the house in voices soft with tears: "Oh! how noble, how grand!"

Behind the curtain, however, this prince of the fairy tales, on whom a horde of the confiding sex shower doting favors from rose-tinted invitations, with the odor of the boudoir strong upon them, to pins and rings and the like gauds of price, is a very different being indeed.

He is a windy individual with a boastful manner and a general dislike for the conventionalities which lead him to regard politeness towards his associates as a most unnecessary duty. He is fond of making trouble, frequently "kicks" at his parts at the last moment, is uncivil and exacting as he dares to be at rehearsals and performances, and in short gives very good ground for the theory people who know him professionally entertain, that he saves his good manners for the stage.

It would be a lesson worth learning by the infatuated women who throw themselves and their good name at the feet of this bogus gentleman, if they could hear him reading their love letters to the heavy man and the low comedian, and punctuating the tender utterances with bursts of hoarse laughter. Or recounting in detail his meeting with his newest "mash," and how he "taffied her till her tongue hung out," as he poetically puts it. But the disengagement would be complete if they could follow him to the place he calls his home.

It is usually a lodgings, fitted up, for light house-keeping. The stage lover don't keep house, but his wife does. Is he married? Why, bless you! always.

His wife was a utility woman or a ballet girl, whom he married when he was new in the business—but a swell already in his own estimation—in order to have some one to mend his clothes for him and keep him in clean shirts. He don't allow her to play now, for fear people would find out she is his wife, which, he argues, would injure his professional status. So she stays at home, and devotes herself to making what little of his salary he gives her go as far as it can be stretched, and to sending one or the other of the dirty children out for beer at frequent intervals.

Now and then he gives her a pass, and she takes some female friend to see him play from a balcony seat. True woman as she is, she no sooner sees him in all his fictitious glory than she forgets everything she knows about him and begins to worship him as madly as her sisters in the orchestra seats. When the play is over she and her friend go home and drink beer and talk about him till they grow maudlin and dissolve in tears.

So, when he comes home at daylight full of wine from some supper where a woman who is as much more charming as she is less pure than this poor creature he finds rocking herself before the struggling fire, has been throwing herself at his head, the smell of the stale beer and the cheap cookery revolt his delicate stomach and he kicks the chairs around and swears. She goes to bed meekly, telling him when she gets a chance between his growls, how fine he looked and how splendidly he played. And while he lies awake with his headache he feels her arms steal round his neck and her hand, roughened with toil in his service, caress his face as her voice asks:

"You do love me, don't you, dearie?"

Through all his rank selfishness the man is touched. A glimmer of the good that lingers in the worst of us wakes in him and he kisses her face he has long been tired of and tells her yes, and to go to sleep. So she dozes off, happy to have her arms about him just this once more, as a dog is happy to crouch against and warm the feet that spurn it. And he lies and pities her in a coarse, unconcerned way, until his headache gets the best of it and he pushes her away with an impatient oath and gets up to get a drink.

On the street the stage lover is as great a dandy as he is a sloven at home—outwardly, that is. He wears good clothes, which don't cost him much as

he pawns his presents and turns the proceeds into raiment. He devotes an hour or so a day to lounging among the professionals on the square. The rest of the time you find him airing his fascinations on Broadway or the step of some swell hotel.

He has a way of strolling into the Brunswick and Delmonico's on the pretense of looking for a friend, and of "taking in" every lady in the restaurants until their blood turns hot with annoyance and their escorts commence to fidget in their chairs. He is "heavy on the mash" out of doors as well as in the theatre, and his pet prey are young women on shopping tours, with whom he is always scraping acquaintance. It rarely goes beyond this, for he has his hands too full of serious amours to pursue these trifling conquests. But they kill time for him and give him something to talk about when more pretentious subjects were short.

When the stage lover gets grey and rusty at the joints, his popularity wanes, but he continues to keep one elderly devotee or two, a widow with money or a fine-looking woman in sealskins and diamonds whose past would not bear looking in to. Even these, however, fall away in time. Then he degenerates into a foul old man, a seedy dandy who will drink anywhere and with anyone who will pay the score, and recount in return impure stories of his past, and chuckle over exploits a scavenger would be ashamed of.

His wife? She died long ago, worn out by hard work and neglect. His children? Look for them in the army of our city's gutter rats, or the inmates of the House of Refuge.

Generally the stage lover does not wait for death and the authority to rid him of his family though he gets rid of them himself by the simple process of abandoning them as soon as "his position requires it," as he puts it.

Then you hear of him in connection with Miss This or That of his own company, a popular leading lady whom he abuses, and whose jewelry he pawns until she shakes him. There is one stage lover here who is notorious for the demoniac delight he takes, whenever he has had a falling out with his affinity, in standing at the wings and making the most diabolical faces at her as she struggles with her part. Another has been known for a long time by every one but the lady concerned to be a lover of her bitterest professional rival and to devote all the money he can extract from her to purchasing presents for her enemy.

You may wonder that the stage lover doesn't have any money of his own. He does. But he wants it to spend on himself as well as all he can raise from anyone else. He would give his I. O. U. to a crossing sweeper for a quarter, rather than miss the chance of getting a quarter for nothing. He has been known to weep bitterly because in a moment of forgetfulness he neglected to ask an acquaintance whom he saw having a bill changed to lend him a dollar.

That only happened once though, and then he had been sick for a week and had not really recovered the use of his faculties yet.

HE OUTPRAYED 'EM.

A Saloon-Keeper Turns the Tables on a Band of Female Crusaders—Some Plain Truths Told to the Lord.

At Atchison, Kan., the women crusaders visited a liquor saloon, and tried by praying to induce the proprietor of the saloon to close his place. The proprietor invited the ladies to seats, and asked them to pray, and then offered himself the following prayer: "Almighty Creator in heaven! Thou who hast made the heaven and earth, and created man in Thine own image as ruler of this earth. Whilst animals were living on grass and water, Thou didst teach Thy servant Noah to make wine, and Thou didst not punish him for making intemperate use of it. At the wedding of Cana Thine only Son, Jesus Christ, transformed water into wine, when the juice of the grape was exhausted, that the enjoyment of the guests might not be disturbed. The great reformer, Martin Luther, said, 'He who does not love wine, women and song remains a fool all his life long.' And all the great men upon this earth have been drinking of the wine Thou hast given thy children upon this earth. O Lord! we pray Thee, have pity upon these women here who are not grateful for Thy gifts, who want to make Thy children like the beasts of the field and compel them to drink water like an ox, while they dress extravagantly and lead their husbands by other extravagances not tending to our well-being to bankruptcy, depriving them of all pleasures of this world, yea, driving them even to suicide.

"O Lord! have mercy upon the ladies; look upon them; they wear not even the color of the face which Thou hast given them, but they are sinning against Thee, and not content with nature, paint their faces. O Lord! Thou canst also perceive that their figure is not as Thou hast made it; but they wear humps upon their backs like camels; Thou seest, O Lord! that their headdress consists of false hair, and when they open their mouths Thou seest their false teeth. O Lord! these women who want men who will patiently accept all this without using the power Thou hast given to man that all women shall be subject to man. They will not bear the burden of married life, and obey Thy commands to multiply and replenish the earth; that they are too lazy to raise their children; and O Lord! Thou knowest the crimes they commit. O Lord! have mercy upon them and take them back into Thy bosom, take them out of their hearts, give them common sense, that they may see their own foolishness, and grant that they may become good and worthy citizens of our beloved city of Atchison. O Lord! we thank Thee for the blessing bestowed upon us, and ask Thee to deliver us from all evils, especially hypocritical women, and Thine shall be praise forever and ever Amen."



HOW THE MANAGERS OF AN INDIANAPOLIS FEMALE REFORMATORY EDUCATE THEM IN THE WAY THAT THEY SHOULD GO—"DUCKING" AND WHIPPING AS MEANS OF SALVATION.—SEE PAGE 18.



AS DRUNK AS BACCHUS AND GLAD OF IT—A TEMPERANCE LECTURE ON THE STREETS OF CHAGRIN FALLS, O.—SEE PAGE 3.



A LADY TREATS A TRAMP TO DINNER, AND THEN TREATS HIM TO A REVOLVER TO MAKE HIM DISGORGE HER SILVERWARE; CANTON, OHIO.—SEE PAGE 3.



SCENES IN A BOWERY PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY—HOW KITCHEN MECHANICS ARE TRANSFORMED INTO KINGS, QUEENS AND VARIETY ACTRESSES.—SEE PAGE 5.



THE STAGE LOVER.

THE ROMANCE AND REALITY OF HIS LIFE BEFORE AND BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.—SEE PAGE 7.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Will Not be the Portion of the People Whose Performances Are Recorded Below.

FATAL END OF A LAWSUIT.

A Gay Adonis Who Has Been the Cause of a Hair-Pulling Match.

A BIG ROW IN A HASHERY.

Henry Albert Vincent Carlisle, Bogus Count and Dead Beat.

A SUSPICIOUS FARMER'S FIND.

A BOARDING-HOUSE FRACAS.

A bloody tragedy took place at Steubenville, O., on Christmas eve, at Ryan's boarding-house. Dr. Henry, a young dentist, was intoxicated and was using profane language at the table, in the presence of ladies. Dr. Schooley, a young physician, rebuked him. Soon a fight began, when a farmer named Buckingham, who had a grudge against Schooley, interfered. Schooley drew a revolver and shot Buckingham in the right eye. Henry then seized a shovel and crushed Schooley's skull. Buckingham and Schooley were alive at last reports, but could not long survive.

A BOGUS COUNT.

The people of Amesbury, Mass., are anxious for the return of a young swindler who has played the bogus count business successfully among them, and has now cleared out with a lot of valuable jewelry, clothing and ornaments belonging to his confiding landlady. The fellow masqueraded under the name of Henry Albert Vincent Carlisle, prospectively Baron Tempest of the West-Riding of Yorkshire, England. He came to town in August last, and had conquered the affections of the youngest daughter of a wealthy family, when, finding a disclosure impending, he suddenly skipped out. The police think they have a clear case of false pretense against him. He is supposed to be in Canada.

FATAL END OF A LAWSUIT.

Elizabethtown, Ky., was the scene of the wildest excitement on account of a terrible tragedy enacted there last Thursday. D. J. Carter and Bud Harrington, both farmers in good circumstances, the former about 55 years old and the latter about 35, had a lawsuit, which was tried in the courts. After the hearing they quarreled, and Harrington drew a pistol and shot Carter, the ball entering his mouth and coming out at the back of his neck. Young Carter, son of the wounded man, ran home and returned in a few minutes with a double-barreled shot gun, both barrels of which he discharged into the body of Harrington, apparently killing him instantly. He fell seemingly lifeless, and lay perfectly still where he had fallen; but the old man Carter seized a smith's sledge near by, walked up to the remains, deliberately crushed the head of his victim, and then fell over him apparently in a dying condition.

TWO WOMEN ASSASSINATED.

A most dastardly and cowardly murder occurred at Round Rock, Tex., this past week. Daisy Fowler, who had left a house of ill-repute, was seated in front of a fire, and with her one or two other women. They were engaged in conversation, totally unsuspicous of danger. All at once the crack of a pistol was heard from without, followed by the crack of the window-pane, and Daisy Fowler fell from her chair shot through the breast. The ball entered the left and came out at the right breast. Simultaneously another woman uttered a shriek and sprang up mortally wounded, a pistol ball of large calibre entering her abdomen and passing entirely through the body. She lingered in great agony and died the following morning. This woman went under the name of Alice Melville, but her real name was Agnes Levergne, and she is said to have been well connected in St. Louis. The murderers are unknown, as is also their motive. Daisy Fowler will probably die.

A NEGRO'S TERRIBLE SUICIDE.

A negro named Jones, who was arrested at Charlottesville, Va., recently for shooting a woman named Carrie Ann Watson, had his examination recently, and was sent on for indictment by the Grand Jury. It is said that he remarked after the trial that he would rather die than be sent before the Grand Jury. He was confined in the jail in the same cell with another colored man. About 10 o'clock at night, after his fellow prisoner had gone to sleep, Jones wrapped his clothing around his head and neck, saturated them with kerosene, a bottle of which happened to be in his cell, and set fire to it. After burning for a short time the smoke awoke his cell companion, who was asleep, who sprang up and attempted to extinguish the fire and partially succeeded, and after opening the windows returned to where Jones had fallen and found that he was dead. An examination disclosed that he had died from in-

halation of the flame. The woman he had shot has so far recovered as to be able to walk about.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SACRIFICE, IF TRUE.

TOPEKA, Kan., December 29.—Fred Olds, who is serving a life term in the Kansas state prison, having pleaded guilty to the murder of D. W. Farris in his store at Topeka in March, 1874, has made a public confession dated November 30, 1880, in which he imputes the crime to his father, who lately committed suicide in California, and claims that his plea of guilty was made as a voluntary sacrifice. The body of Farris was hacked to pieces and buried under a pile of potatoes in the cellar. Young Olds, who was only sixteen at the time, gives all the details of his movements on the day and night of the crime and claims that he could, had he chosen, have proved an alibi. When arrested, he said, he did not know of the murder, but the conduct of his father both before and after his discovery, convinced him that he had done it, and it was arranged between them that the boy should pretend to confess in order that the father might leave the country. The confession is intended for submission to the governor with an appeal for a pardon.

A GUILTY COUPLE.

MT. GILEAD, O., Dec. 30.—The little village of Williamsport, six miles northeast of this place, is enjoying a first-class sensation just now, which will in all probability result in a magnificent lawsuit and a bonanza for the lawyers. It appears that for the last four or five months a farmer by the name of Mann has had suspicion that his wife was not as faithful as a good wife should be, but has been unable to confirm his suspicions until last week, when his vigilance was rewarded by catching Mrs. Mann and a farmer named Russell together. Mann attempted no injury, and Mr. Russell departed rather hastily, leaving the angry husband and guilty wife to argue the question. The result was that the faithless wife returned to her parents, and has since made several attempts at self-destruction. Russell, who is a man of considerable wealth, endeavored to have the matter hushed up, and requested an interview with Mann for that purpose. Mann, desiring to be on the safe side, got a couple of neighbors to secrete themselves in his house, and then invited Mr. Russell over. The matter was fully discussed, and in the hearing of the two witnesses Russell confessed the whole business. No settlement was made, and an action for divorce will be commenced.

CARRIE AND CLARA.

Al Altwein and Clara Hardy, of St. Joseph, Mo., have been very fond of each other's society for nearly two years. For some time Altwein has been smitten with the charms of a young lady named Carrie Burgess, and the two were united in marriage, leaving Clara to navigate the cold river of life in her own canoe, with a fair prospect of having a young fellow passenger at an early day. Clara got wind of the intended marriage before it took place, and going up to his restaurant, at the corner of Sixth and Edmond streets, she espied Altwein in the half-open door. She picked up a brick and hurled it at her erstwhile lover, but the missile failed to reach its mark, and struck the door-casing. Altwein then went inside, and Clara rushed at the door, and struck the large plate glass pane a blow with her fist that shattered it to pieces. The police happened to be near by and took Clara in tow. She and her mother gave the necessary bond, and she was turned loose again. Then she returned to her first love, and began the brick-bat exercise, making sad havoc with the windows of the restaurant. She was again placed under arrest, and again gave bond for her appearance. The following morning, at an early hour, she proceeded to Sixth and Edmond, and, taking a large stone, hurled it through the window of the chamber in which the bride and groom were yet sleeping. When the time for the trial came, Clara was on hand with her mother. Young Altwein and his still blushing bride were also in the marshal's office, and when Clara's mother saw the young husband, she walked up to him, and, as quick as a flash, struck him a blow in the face which sent him reeling and bleeding to the floor. The newly-made Mrs. Altwein picked her husband up and wiped the blood from his face with her handkerchief, after which matters proceeded in their usual course.

A MAN WITH TWO WIVES.

About five years ago Homer Harvey, who resided a short distance above Mononghehela, Pa., was married to a Miss Craven, the daughter of Daniel Craven, who, at present, is operating a retail broom factory in that city. Homer and his wife dwelt peacefully together until their union was rewarded by four bounding young Harveys, who skipped about in youthful innocence. Last summer the father and husband left home and secured work on a farm near Scenery Hill. While his hands were busily engaged at performing the toilsome duties of a granger his eyes fell upon the robust form of Annie Brundage. The gentle Annie was no Venus, nor was Homer an Adonis; still he became forgetful of his marriage vows and the young Harveys at home, and fell a slave to the winsome smiles of this new found love, whom he encountered during the sultry days of August. They met, they saw; he courted, he conquered; and a few words from a minister and a greenback from Homer and Mrs. Harvey No. 2 comes upon the scene. Then the loving twain gather up their hoop-skirts and fled to the beautiful valley of the Youghiogheny, and settled themselves down at Layton station, Pa., where they hoped to dwell and multiply with the earth, free from the presence of Mrs. Harvey No. 1. They held the fort in undisturbed quietude for a short time only, when the peace of the household was broken in upon by the appearance of the first love upon the scene. Spying the form of No. 2, No. 1 laid all formalities aside and nobly waded in. After No. 2 had been yanked around until she was badly used up, the husband appeared upon the scene, only to be likewise pummeled by the irate and muscular female. After thus venting her feelings, No. 1 returned home to Mononghehela, and is now living there. A warrant has been issued for the arrest of the wayward

couple, and when they are arrested they will probably regret their free-love episode.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

Another terrible assault, which will probably result in murder, was committed last week in Kansas City, and can be regarded as the most brutal, unprovoked, cowardly crime ever perpetrated. The victim is a noted public woman, Kitty Porter. For a short time back she had been under the care of a kind-hearted physician in Wyandotte, and had taken a room at Lempaksky's place in West Kansas, where she intended to stay a week to recuperate and then leave the city. Early in the evening an unknown man called upon her, and after conversing for an hour or two, asked her to take him for her paramour. She refused, and he became very angry. He finally persuaded her to go out with him, and the unhappy woman started about dusk to her death. They walked down the track toward the south to a point a half mile distant, where the man conducted her to a caboose and made a proposition which she rejected. The victim had been partially insane for some time, and could be induced to go anywhere like a little child, and the scoundrel no doubt concluded that he could persuade her to submit to him. The refusal angered him, and, seizing a lynch-pin, he struck her a terrible blow over the right eye. The sharp edge of the pin head cut into her flesh and bone, opening a hole into her very brain, and the poor thing sank down unconscious, while the head bent over her and struck her another blow to make his murderous work sure. The bloody deed was done, it is supposed, in a lonely part of the Fort Scott yards, near the shops. The acts of the murderer after committing the murder were still more inhuman. Carrying his victim out of the comparatively comfortable caboose, he threw her into an open freight car to freeze to death in her blood. He then completed his horrible crime by the crowning infamy of petty theft and robbed her of shoes, dress and hat, leaving her half naked, senseless, bleeding, dying with the cold desolate night closing in. For eight hours she lay unconscious in a great horrible pool of blood which coagulated and froze. Her hair floated in it and matted together in a sickening mass. The wounds upon her face and the blood turned black, so that when she was seen women ran away from her as from some horrible phantom. Strange to say, she lived through it all, and about 4 o'clock in the morning awoke to consciousness. With great effort she dragged her bruised body and stiffened limbs out of the slaughter-pen on the ground and partially crawling made her way back into the heart of the city. She was so bewildered that she knew not where she was going. She was looking for light, warmth, help and companionship; but in vain. Everywhere she applied the doors were closed upon her until at last she sank senseless upon the corner of Fifth street and Broadway, where the police fortunately found her, and conveyed her hastily to the police station. A physician attended her and pronounced her condition helpless. She was able to speak, and described the man who assaulted and robbed her. She thinks she was outraged while unconscious. If so, one more horror is added to the crime. She says her assailant was about five feet eleven inches high, square built, smooth face, rather handsome, dark complexion, dark brown or black hair; wore dark clothes and a soft felt hat. He was a brakeman, and, she thinks, a Wabash employe. She could not describe the place where she was struck, but the railroad men have discovered a pool of blood.

OLD-FASHIONED COURTING.

A Match that was Made in a Business-Like Manner.

Thirty years ago Michigan people were a frank and truthful set. Strangers could come here and trade horses with their eyes shut, and breach of promise cases were unknown. Folks meant what they said, and when they gave their word stuck to it.

Exactly thirty years ago this month a widower from New York State appeared in Lansing on business. That same business carried him over to De Witt, eight miles away. While on the way he stopped at a log farm house to warm his cold fingers. He was warmly welcomed by the pioneer and his wife, both of whom were well along in years, and after some general talk, the woman queried:

"Am I right in thinking you are a widower?"
"Yes."
"Did you come out here to find a wife?"

"Partly."
"Did anybody tell you of our Susie?"

"No."

"Well, we've got as bouncing a girl of 22 as you ever set eyes on. She's good-looking, healthy, and good-tempered, and I think she'll like your looks."

"Where is she?"

"Over in the woods, here, chopping down a coon tree. Shall I blow the horn for her?"

"No. If you'll keep an eye on my horse I'll find her."

"Well, there's nothing stuck up or affected about Susie. She'll say yes or no as soon as she looks you over. If you want her don't be afraid to say so."

The stranger heard the sound of her axe and followed it. He found her just as the tree was ready to fall. She was a stout, good-looking girl, swinging the axe like a man, and in two minutes he had decided to say:

"Susie, I'm a widower from New York State; I'm 39 years old, have one child, own a good farm and I want a wife. Will you go back home with me?"

She leaned on the axe and looked at him for half a minute, and then replied:

"Can't say for certain. Just wait till I get these coons off my mind."

She sent the tree crashing to the earth, and with his help killed five coons, which were stowed away in a hollow.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked, as the last coon stopped kicking.

"I'm your'n!" was the reply; "and by the time you get back from De Witt I'll have these pelts off and tacked up and be ready for the preacher!"

He returned to the house, told the old folks that he should bring a preacher back with him, and at dusk that evening the twain were married. Hardly an hour had been wasted in courting, and yet he took home one of the best girls in the State of Michigan.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"LIFE IN PAREE."

Scenes at the Opera and a Lawsuit Which do Not Speak Well For High-Pressure Morality in the Gay City.

The Paris correspondent of the *Chicago Times* tells of a scandalous lawsuit in that city in which a pretty songstress, well-known in this country, is concerned. The singer in question is the beautiful Marie Heilbron, late prima donna at the Grand Opera, and formerly of the now extinct *Theatre Lyrique*, one of the loveliest actresses of Paris. She can not exactly be cited as a candidate for the white rose wreath allotted by custom to the most virtuous maiden of France. In fact she is the happy mamma of a nice little boy, now some years old. She has also, at present, a very dear friend in the person of Viscount de la P., who, moved by his attachment for the fair Marie, consented, at her solicitation, to adopt the child and to recognize it as his own. But the family of this devoted friend have interfered, and have brought the case before the courts.

These unsympathizing relatives have proved that as M. de la P. did not make Mlle. Heilbron's acquaintance till the year 1876, he can not very well even pretend to be the parent of the young gentleman in question. The beautiful woman has waived all right to bring any proof of the justice of her cause, preferring, as she magnanimously said, to confide herself to the generosity of the law. She is a wonderfully pretty woman, is Marie Heilbron. She was at the theatre the other night in a proscenium box in company with another beautiful but rather passive actress, whose name has been very openly connected with that of one of the princes of the royal family of France. Both ladies were blazing with diamonds, but the latter bore upon her shoulder a huge *fluer de lis* in diamonds, a public parading forth of the circumstances of the affair which was in most execrable taste. And right opposite to their box was one wherein sat one of the Bonaparte family, with a beautiful woman, who assuredly was not his wife. And yet the French become highly indignant if any foreigner dares to remark that they are not a strictly moral people. This is a funny world, assuredly, and not the least comical section of it is this goodly city of Paris.

PATRICK NOLAN,

Famous Steeple-Chase Jockey.

[With Portrait.]

The subject of our sketch is one of the best steeple-chase jockeys in America, and with the exception of Meany, he has no rival. At all the large eastern race meetings Nolan may be seen mounted either on Dalgusian, Tom Kinsella or some other noted hurdle racer.

Nolan has figured in numerous races at Long Branch, Jerome Park, Coney Island, Baltimore and Saratoga. He has rode for Wm. C. Daley, M. I. Daley, P. H. Duffy, H. Fappney, Cattanach & Sons, M. Welch and other noted turfmen. He is classed a skilful jockey and generally gives satisfaction to all who engage him.

In this country Nolan has made many friends by his manly and friendly actions. He has won some fine races on the best stock and before the largest gatherings at our courses in the season.

Last season at the spring meeting at Jerome Park, on Messrs. Cattanach & Son's Judith, he won a fine race, beating Pomeroy and Dispute. At Long Branch, on the latter gentlemen's splendid mare, Bertha, he won a good race—a hurdle handicap. At Brighton Beach, on Judith, he again won a fine hurdle. The next day, on the same horse, he won another good hurdle race. At the same meeting, on W. W. C. Daley's Lizzie D., he captured a purse. At the fall meeting, on the same track, on Messrs. Mackenzie & Co.'s Miss Mally, he won another good race, and many others during the summer.

A HUMAN HOG.

How He Disposed of Provender on a Bet—Tanner's Opposite.

A remarkablefeat of eating and drinking against time is reported by the Hungarian press, and said to have been performed by a youthful Magyar residing in Grosswardien. This surpassing trencherman laid a wager, and is said to have won it with several minutes and an omelette to spare, that he would between the hours of 9:30 P. M., and midnight devour the following commestibles, it being clearly understood that there should be a full portion of each dish in succession, any two of which portions may be estimated as constituting a hearty meal for a full-grown adult blessed by nature with a lively appetite: Roast beef with paprika sauce and potatoes; a Viennese veal cutlet with peas; a fillet of veal with dumplings; grilled pork and pumpkins; half a fowl fried in batter; bubble and squeak; a beef-steak with poached eggs; fried calves' liver; calves' brains and kidneys; pickled veal; stewed beef; a broiled goose liver, and a fricassee fowl with carrots. He not only contrived to stow away all the articles enumerated in this comprehensive menu, washing them down with two quarts of beer, four bottles of old wine, and three of aerated water; but when he had cleared the last of his appointed dishes—the clock-dial then marking ten minutes to 12—he asked for a three-egg omelette, which vanished down his throat before the hour struck.

AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its
Heroes—Great Fistic Encounters
Between Pugilists of the
Past and Present.

Tom King's Fistic Encounters in the
Roped Arena.

A KING OF FISTICUFFS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE, OF NEW YORK.

BY WM. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

Heenan, after sojourning in America for two years, decided to again visit England and fight any man in the world. Jem Mace was then champion of England. He had been beaten by Tom King, but the latter refused to fight Mace again, but he agreed to fight the Benicia Boy.

Heenan was confident that he could whip any man in England, and decided to fight King. Before we publish the particulars of the great battle between America's champion and King, we will give previous battles fought by Tom King, as he was one of England's famous pugilists and a conqueror of Jim Mace.

King was born at Stepney, London, England, Aug. 14, 1835. He is 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 210 pounds untrained and trained 180 pounds.

He first entered the ring under the able tutelage of Jim Ware, the noted English pugilist and one of England's oldest champions. He was styled Jim Ward's "Big 'un," and in his youth figured in boxing bouts at the numerous exhibitions at Shoreditch, London and the suburbs. He displayed great pluck and science, and gained quite a reputation by his pugilistic abilities.

King's first essay in the ring was with "Brighton Bill," a sturdy, muscular pugilist who had gained considerable reputation in sporting circles owing to his blustering manner and his ready desire to administer a thrashing to any one who thwarted his pretensions to become a champion pugilist.

King met the bully and gave him a severe whaling with his ponderous mawleys, but "Brighton Bill" was in the race and made it warm for King for a time during the "breakaway."

King's first regular match was with the noted Jack Smith of Portsmouth. The pugilists were to meet according to the rules of the British Benevolent Pugilistic Association for £50. The Portsmouth bruiser, however, wisely concluded not to meet King and forfeited at the time of putting up the second deposit.

Smith was looked upon as a pugilist possessed of great grit and courage, and the fact of his refusing to meet King created no little surprise.

King then received forfeit from Clamp, a pugilist of Newgate, and his backers decided to match him against Tom Truckle, a pugilist who weighed 160 pounds and stood 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in height.

Truckle had fought a draw with Jack Smith of Portsmouth who forfeited to King and he was looked upon as a pugilist certain to whip King.

The fight took place in the London District on Nov. 27, 1860. King came to the post in excellent condition, although he had to train down from 210 to 180 pounds. In fact many supposed that he was training weakened him.

Truckle came to the post in the pink of condition, but King had the advantage in height, weight and length of reach, and consequently was made the favorite at £6 to £4. Bob Travers, the darky, and Johnny Walker seconded Truckle, while through the influence of Bill Richardson, of the traditional Blue Anchor at Shoreditch, King had the services of Jem Mace and the noted Bos Tyler. The fight was a one-sided affair. King fought according to the advice of Jem Mace, who taught him several points which King put to good advantage not only in this battle but in his two great battles with his tutor, Jem Mace, afterwards.

Truckle gained first blood and King gained first knock-down.

After ten rounds had been fought it was plain to be seen that King would win, for he either fought or threw Truckle heavily every round. Round after round was fought, and King punished Truckle terribly, but the latter continued to come to the scratch and displayed great courage. He was out-fought in every round and it was useless for him to continue the struggle.

In the thirty-fourth round he done more fighting than at any time during the fight, but King ended the round by knocking him down by a terrific left-hand blow.

The fight was continued up to the forty-ninth round when Truckle was terribly punished and hardly able to stand up. The plucky pugilist refused to give in however, but his backer humanely threw up the sponge in token of his defeat and King was hailed the winner.

The fight lasted one hour and two minutes. Truckle was frightfully punished, while King escaped with comparatively little punishment. King's *modus operandi* of fighting created quite an impression among his backers and admirers and they decided to match him against the best man in England.

On second thought, however, they changed their minds and selected Bill Evans, alias Young Broome, as an opponent for King.

Broome stood 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighed 156 pounds. He had fought Kangaroo Smith, Tom Roberts and Ike Baker, and proved himself a pugilist of no mean pretensions.

Evans' backers were certain he could whip King while the admirers of Tommy Truckle's conqueror looked upon King's success as certain.

The pugilists fought for £100 at Frunley, England, on October 21, 1861.

King, as in his battle with Truckle, had weight decidedly in his favor, also height and length of reach.

On the day of the battle Evans weighed 156 pounds. King tipped the beam at 180 pounds—King having 24 pounds in his favor.

Bob Travers and a London pugilist seconded Evans while Tom King had the able services of Bos Tyler and Joe Phelps.

The fight was a one-sided affair after the pugilists had fought fifteen minutes. King out-fought Evans at all points, punishing him terribly. Betting which, at the commencement of the fight, was 2 to 1 on King after the eleventh round was £10 to £1, with few takers.

Evans was knocked down at nearly every round. He, however, managed to make King receiver general in seven of the rounds. On time being called for the 43d round Evans came up weak and exhausted and tottered to the scratch. King let drive right and left, and landed a terrific hit on Evans' nose, breaking his smelling apparatus and sending him staggering to "grass." Evans fell all of a heap like a log and was carried insensible to his corner.

Travers saw that the battle was over and that his man could not fight any longer, and threw up the sponge. King was then hailed the victor amid loud cheers. The battle lasted forty-two minutes, during which forty-three rounds were fought.

Evans was terribly punished, and King's face and body were damaged far more than when he met and defeated Truckle. King in his two contests with Truckle and Evans displayed great science, and proved that he was capable of meeting any man in the world. He was a clean hitter and an expert wrestler, while his courage could not be questioned, although neither Truckle or Evans had been able to punish him severe enough to test his thorough gameness.

King after his battle with Evans had to meet a pugilist who was bound to test his courage and prove whether he was "game to the core."

He was matched to fight Jem Mace, the champion of England, for £200 a side and the champion belt.

The match created quite a stir in sporting circles, and as both pugilists had a host of admirers and supporters, the match was the means of great speculation. Mace was a heavy favorite, but King's supporters backed him heavily and accepted the £10 to £6 offered by Mace's admirers.

The great battle was fought at Godalming, England, on Jan. 28, 1862. King made every preparation to come to the scratch in good condition, and he was over trained. He weighed 176 pounds, four pounds less than his weight was when he fought Truckle and Evans. Mace fought at 158 pounds, just ten pounds less than when he fought Joe Goss. Bob Travers and Jack Hicks seconded Mace, while Jack Macdonald and Bos Tyler seconded King.

As the two pugilists faced each other there was quite a contrast between them. King had the advantage of height, weight and length of reach in his favor, but Mace's great strength, science, generalship and experience counterbalanced these advantages.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
Back numbers of the "History of the American Prize Ring" can be obtained from the Publisher on receipt of price.

BOUND TO MARRY.

A Fickle Elder Sister Beats Her Young Sister Out of a Husband on the Eve of Marriage.

Rather a queer episode, says the *Oil City Derrick*, happened in Franklin, Pa., on Saturday, to some young people from the country, that turned out to be a runaway match with a vengeance. Residing near Cooperstown lives a family named B.—. In the family are two girls—or, rather, were—aged respectively 17 and 22. Both girls were pretty, and, we should judge from appearances, never lacked for admirers. A short time ago a young gentleman from Ohio arrived in the neighborhood on a visit. He was aged 17. He, within a short time, lost all the heart he had to the elder of the two, but, sad to relate, his passion was not reciprocated. He pleaded long and earnestly, and talked vaguely of shot-guns and suicide, but was practically told to "go bag his head" and wait till he grew up. He did not kill himself, but transferred his undying affection to the girl's sister and was accepted. They arranged a plan by which they could be married, and went to Franklin on Friday. The two young ones—they were only 18 and 17—went to the minister's, but he sensibly refused to unite them in the bonds that are seldom broken, except in Indiana. Sad and almost heart-broken they returned to the hotel. This is where the fun commenced. The elder sister and the young man had a consultation, the outcome of which was made manifest subsequently. In the morning the elder girl went down to the dining-room early, and, after completing her breakfast, secured her baggage and prepared to travel. The engaged couple followed, and the gentleman had eaten but a moment when he asked his engaged wife to lend him \$10 for a moment, as he had forgotten his money up stairs. She did so and he left the room, meeting the elder sister, and they went to the train, leaving the younger sister to pay all the bills. He left a note saying he had always loved the elder sister the better of the two, and she had consented to have him, and they would be more happy. She is out her ten dollars and the board bill for the party, but is the gainer in getting rid of a villain and finding out the perfidy of her sister. Her brother came and took her home, and if he catches the youth with the downy, it will go hard with him.

A SCOUNDREL'S MARITAL MESS.

Transferring Affections in a Freehand Way—An Introduction Over a Dead Child's Body.

Brushton, Pa., is a very pleasant little village on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. People who do not live in Brushton, or who have never visited there, know little of the place, and only because of its pleasant name associate pleasant ideas with it. But within the limits of this same pleasant little village there lives in two rooms, of scant rather than pretentious furnishment, a woman who has a history worthy of recording. She is an interesting little woman, pale, slight and shapely. There is a child, too, about three years of age, and also bright and interesting.

This woman is the wife of a prominent business man of the place. He is or has been a figure in the best society of the town—occupies, as he does, a good position in business circles. He is fine-looking, intelligent, and of good presence. Until within two years the home of this man and wife was a model one—bright, pleasant and a fitting for younger couples to copy. The man was seemingly wrapped up in his home. He never went out at nights, and paid the most kind and interesting attention to his wife. But a change came over the spirit of the dream.

A woman who resided on Troy hill, and who, so far as known, had lived a faithful life, became a widow. At the time she was the mother of five children, but still young, full of life, vivacious and entertaining. The widow of Troy hill met the husband of Brushton. That was unfortunate, for they became enamored of each other. The once faithful husband found his hitherto happy fireside less attractive. He met the widow again and again, and still again, and with each meeting he saw more to admire, and becoming less satisfied with his own home—and disaster, fell disaster, followed.

He was then the father of two children. One was aged about five years, and he loved them, too. But one of them in the midst of this growing disaffection and unsettled state fell sick and died.

The wife had not been blind to the change. She had seen how he whom she loved most of all in the world had grown cold; how he had business that detained him often, at nights, from home; how the sense of kindly interest in their welfare had flagged, and often had the tears dropped upon her solitary pillow—a thing unknown before—while the long hours of the night dragged on.

The child, as has been stated, died, and the friends of the family gathered at the home of the family to sympathize with those bereaved. The other had been to the city and brought with him a young, dark-eyed, vivacious woman to look upon the little body. He introduced the woman to his wife as his cousin. The wife in her sorrow gave no thought to the woman, but in the days and events that followed she remembered that never had her husband mentioned a cousin of the name before. Following the funeral, and as their poignant grief subsided, the wife found that she was alone—without a comforter such as she should expect in her sorrow—and the once happy home became doubly desolate, and for long periods she was utterly deserted under the most flimsy and artificial excuses. Then she awoke to the necessity of action. She must and would know the truth. She could not learn of herself, and she employed a friend.

And so it was that one day a peddler entered a house upon Troy hill—a person of gentle manners and full of arts. The lady of the house was the dark-eyed and vivacious person referred to, and when the nomadic tradesman came away—so insinuating had been his manners—he had heard all, and more than had been anticipated. The intelligence was repeated to the sorrowing wife at Brushton. She acted upon it—acted, as people of the world would say—wisely. An attorney was employed, the husband was interviewed, and he agreed to furnish "a living" to the wife with the understanding, however, that he should live with her no more. She was to remain apart and accept the weekly stipend that would maintain the wife and child, and for this consideration he was to have the liberty to do as he pleased and the matter was neither to get to court nor (in the same connection) to the public.

And thus it is that there is a woman at Brushton and a woman on Troy hill who bear the same identical name, and there is a child at Brushton and one on Troy hill who, though they have different mothers, claim the same father, and still the handsome gentleman and member of the well-known firm of — Co., moves in the best of society, and a little woman at Brushton is living in two rooms scantily furnished, and is herself growing paler every day.

LOVE'S LAUGH.

A Pretty Wisconsin Schoolma'am Takes Flight to be a Jersey Fellow's Wife.

WAUPACA, Wis., Dec. 28.—The usually quiet village of Parfreyville, three miles from here, is thrown into a great excitement over the elopement of Miss Eunice Bardwell, the Cinderella of the township. A correspondent has thoroughly investigated the matter, the details of which make a nice little narrative. Eunice Bardwell is a pretty, black-haired, black-eyed girl, 19 years old. Several years ago she was left an orphan, and was then taken into her grandparents' family, and has ever since resided there. The grandfather's name is Thomas Collier, better known as "Deacon" from his long association with the Baptist church, and prayer-meetings of every denomination. The "Deacon" is a plain, well-meaning old man, and was ever kind to his granddaughter Eunice. The "Deacon" is blessed with a wife, who is reported to be as mean as she is homely. It was her constant delight to domineer the fair Eunice, and the favors shown by her were few and far between. Last summer there

came into the community a young man from Jersey City, N. J., who wished to spend the hot and sultry July days in the country. He became acquainted with Eunice, and looked with a lover's eye upon her pretty and plump and graceful form. His name was William H. Jackson. For two short weeks the acquaintance flourished, and then the grandmother got on to the scent. Eunice was severely rebuked—in fact, she was thereafter kept caged and prohibited from seeing her Romeo. Soon after he left, and with his departure vanished the bugbear of the grandmother's mind. Last fall Eunice engaged a country school, and taught it with success; in fact, she did so well that she was re-engaged, and had taught one brief month, and one briefer week, when it was found that she had flown. About four months ago she rented a post office box in Waupaca and instructed the postmaster to deliver her mail to none other than herself. Soon, into that newly-rented box, were deposited letters—good, thick letters, with the postmark of "Jersey City, N. J." plainly stamped thereon. These letters became more frequent, and one day there came a registered letter; this was a valuable letter, because it contained money. Eunice got this letter Saturday, taught her school the following Monday, packed her few dresses in the evening and quietly stole away. Her most intimate friend said that Eunice received \$50 from Mr. Jackson, of Jersey City, and that she had gone to meet him and become his wife. The good people of Parfreyville are much concerned over the affair, but most of them feel rather pleased that Eunice has gone in such a romantic manner, and say: "Oh, well, she was so pretty and winn' we can't blame her much." Mr. Jackson is a respectable young man of Jersey City, N. J.

A TROUBLESONE WIFE.

She Happens Around at the Wrong Time—A Homeward March That Must Have Been Very Unpleasant.

A curious episode, which people took pains to suppress, but which has gradually leaked out, throws a halo of dubious romance over that sedate establishment known as the Clarence House, Chicago. It is not long since the pious old maids and moral old bachelors who pass their lives in the hotel were scandalized by the appearance in their midst of a dashing damsel, whose name behind the footlights was Nellie Waters. The patrons of variety shows will recognize her at once as a "song-and-dance" actress of ability, and as a girl of very familiar ways. Ardently admired by the gentlemen and intensely hated by the ladies, Nellie cut a conspicuous figure in the limited sphere of boarding-house society. Her nights were spent at the Garden theatre, a very questionable State street resort in the Garden City, where she alternately raised her heels and her voice for the pleasure of motley but enthusiastic audiences. Among Nellie's masculine admirers was Tom Curly, ex-proprietor of the American Theatre, and a gentleman doubly endowed with a love of fun and a vigilant wife. The vigilant wife, Tom Curly, and Nellie Waters were the characters in a domestic drama which was not played for the benefit of the public.

It was midnight when the sleepy clerk of the Clarence hotel was aroused by the entrance of a rather excited female. The indignant woman demanded to be led at once to the apartments of that horrid variety actress. Her request was reluctantly complied with. After standing a hot and heavy siege, the inmates of the room in question capitulated; the door was opened, and Nellie Waters and Tom Curly were discovered, not in attitudes of prayer. A few minutes later the vigilant wife led her festive husband home, while the star of the variety show was shedding her lustre on the deserted street. That is to say, Nellie Waters was promptly turned out of doors. She has since left the city, and Tom Curly is talking of going West.

A PLAYED-OUT PLEA.

A Case in Which Two Females Will be Allowed to Wag Their Tongues to Their Hearts' Content.

George A. Wheeler, the man who strangled his sister-in-law, Della J. Tillson, and packed her body in a trunk, will enter the usual plea of San Francisco murderers, emotional insanity. The murder was deliberate, cold-blooded and atrocious, by Wheeler's own confession when he delivered himself up to the police. The crime was due to jealousy, as he had been criminally intimate with his sister-in-law, and feared that she was going to leave him and marry a gambler named Peckham. Now his counsel, emboldened by the acquittal of Schroeder, who murdered the dentist, Lefevre, in Oakland, have entered a plea of insanity, resulting from wounds on the head years ago, and from hereditary mania. They also allege that Wheeler's wife knows these facts, but that the Young Women's Christian Association, which has aided her, has authorized her to keep silence. On these grounds they got an adjournment of trial until next month.

Mrs. Wheeler, upon being interviewed, said she never had heard of her husband's head being injured, nor of insanity in his family. She had talked with him recently in jail, and he said when he was choking his sister-in-law he paused a moment with his hand on her throat and debated whether he should stop or go on, and concluded to go on and finish the job. The trial will attract much interest, also, from the fact that a female lawyer will be on each side. Mrs. Clara Folio has been engaged to assist the Prosecuting Attorney, and Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon retained to assist the defense. The two women were once very close friends, sleeping in the same bed, but later a coldness sprung up between them. In the recent campaign they were rivals on the political stump as they are now at the bar. This will probably be the first criminal case in the country with two female lawyers pitted against each other.

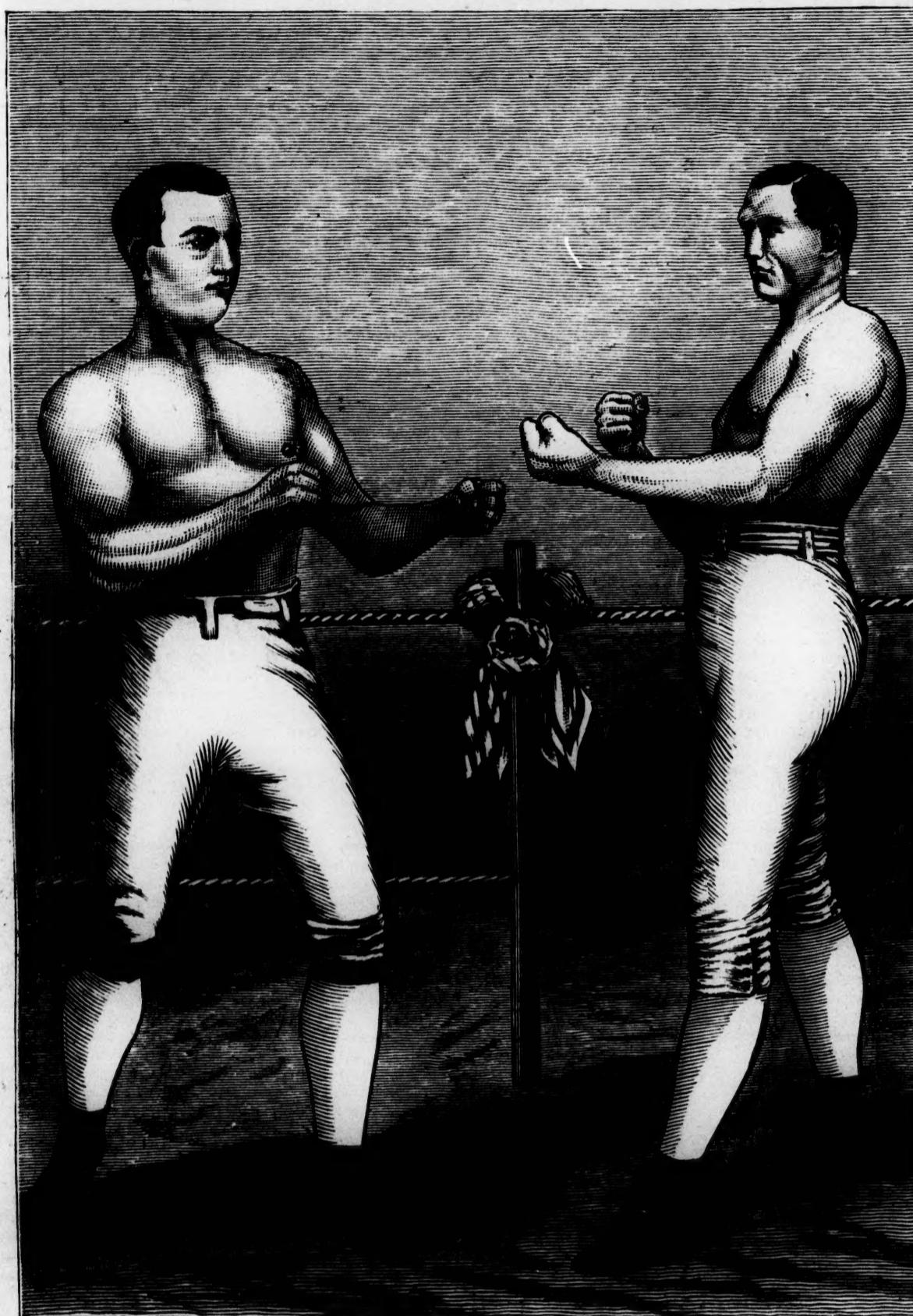
VANITY.

How New York Women Enhance Their Beauty, and Artists add to their Pocket Books.

Female fondness for striking adornments, and in fact anything that adds a charm to face or figure, is amply illustrated by the following little revelation: Some time ago, a beautiful lady in this city, of the brnette type, set all the other ladies apace by the attraction of a wavy little vein of the darkest blue which nestled beneath her left eye and produced a most bewitching look of refined sensuality, if such an expression can be used. The vein was not more than half an inch in length, but lying beneath the eye, was almost the first thing noticed in the lady's countenance. It gave a charm and languor of indescribable beauty, which seemed to hold the gentlemen captive. In fairness to the lady we will say that the vein was natural and not of artificial production. So bewitching was this little adornment that many ladies who saw it endeavored to counterfeit it by the aid of the paint brush, but these attempts were usually easily detected. At length one lady, who was unwilling to be outdone in the matter, visited a noted surgeon and inquired if there was any small vein in that part of the face under the eye that could be so operated on as to enlarge it and bring it to the surface. She was told that there was, and soon afterward she had an operation performed, that gave her the much-coveted vein. Since then a number of ladies, who could not rest without this little vein under the eye, have visited the surgeon and undergone similar treatment. The pain endured while undergoing the operation is said to be very slight, little more than an ordinary incision with a sharp pointed instrument. What the exact treatment is we are unable to say, as the ladies who have been performed upon do not seem very communicative on that particular subject, and the surgeon is equally reticent.

Dwellers in provincial towns know little of the less glaring wickedness that seizes the life of society in the Metropolis and the intrigues of the high dames who, under the cloak of the greatest respectability and social standing, carrying on their disreputable amours, and deceiving their husbands at home, think likewise to hoodwink the all-seeing public as well, and by the cloak of wealth and refinement cover their sins that the poverty-stricken sister of shame must flounce before the world in all their degrading phases. To say that the upper-tendons are free from contaminating intrigues is only to deny without proof what really exists, and what we shall tell will be none the less true. Throughout the most fashionable business localities of the city, one may easily lift his eyes to read the announcement: "Mr. — Art Studio." In many cases these studios are the work and exhibition rooms of hard-tolling, respectable young artists, working in indefatigable will, to make for themselves a name and position in the world. But, alas! even among the artists there are black sheep who much prefer to earn their money by less arduous methods than the slow coming dollars and praise that is the reward of the honest, talented artist. Rooms are engaged and furnished in the most luxurious manner, a liveried boy is engaged to attend the bell, and an exhibition room with paintings and statuary arranged, in which to carry on legitimate business should it accidentally come there and give the place an air of respectability, and art, which is highly necessary. Other rooms en suite are engaged, which are also fitted in real elegance a side-board and wines not excepted. The studio is thus equipped and the artist in a bright colored wrapper and jaunty painting cap, lounges about working a very little perhaps, and keeping up appearances in first-class style.

Now the cosy rendezvous is ready for its occupant, and the lady of refinement, who dare not meet her lover at a house of assignation or other places where, if by chance her presence was discovered, she would be socially ruined, can with the greatest assurance be driven to a studio to examine art and make her purchases, and at the same time meet the man who she dare not meet at her home or visit in any other place. Here she can revel in his love, assisted by the conge-



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

JOHN C. HEENAN.

AS THEY APPEARED IN THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL FIGHT AT WADHURST, ENGLAND, IN 1863. SEE "AMERICAN PRIZE RING." — (PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN WOOD, 208 BOWERY, N. Y.)

TOM KING.

nial influence of the costliest wine, and reclining on the luxurious divans sip the nectar and whiff her cigarette. Of course everything is conducted on the plan of the utmost secrecy and highest scale of art, a question of money is never hinted at, but a little silver salver stands upon the side-board, and the patron of the studio unearths that when the

pleasure is over the piper must be paid, and the twenty and fifty dollar notes are deposited on the salver and are quietly, but surely removed by the artist. Thus the penny dauber with a discrete tongue and finely fitted rooms is able to grow sleek and rich while the hard working, meritorious artist goes begging for the necessities of life.

How a Susceptible Man Was Cured of His Disposition for "Mashing" Va-riety Actresses.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A good story is told by an attache of a theatre not a thousand miles from this city, of how a behind the scenes "masher" was gotten rid of. There came to play at the theatre a two-weeks' engagement a most handsome and dashing young serio-comic vocalist. She was a regular stunner, and everybody that her eye came in contact with were, to use a slang phrase, "mashed," and among the number was a well-known business man. He had a very large sized dose of it. The second night of this young lady's engagement there came to her a handsome large bouquet which she gracefully accepted. It was a gift from the business man. The next night he showed up behind the scenes himself, while the young lady was on the stage. He took a position in the centre of the right first entrance and maintained it until she came off. This thing was continued the next night, and the next, until it became a perfect nuisance. The men had to use the entrance, but he didn't care. There he stood, and wouldn't move for no one except the young lady in question. Finally the boys, including the actors at the theatre, concluded to play a joke on the "masher." Accordingly they fixed up a dummy, and with the aid of a rope attached to a pulley, they pulled it up to the flies, or ceiling directly over the spot the "masher" stood. The rope was run to the rear of the stage in order to give the boys a chance. That evening the "masher," or "mashed," showed up dressed in his best, and on his head was a shining silk hat. He took his position in the first entrance and stood there entirely unconscious of anything going on about him. The young lady was on the stage and just in the middle of a song, when suddenly, and without a moment of warning, the man in the entrance was entirely covered by something, and that something was the stuffed man. When the business man arose from where he was knocked down, his head was entirely covered by his silk hat, which had been squashed down by the force of the blow. He left the theatre, and from that night he has never been seen on that stage since.

A YOUNG FARMER'S FIX.

Promiscuous Love-Making, With Disastrous Results.

NEW BRIGHAM, Pa., December 30.—Our little, staid villages have their sensations and furnish food for gossips occasionally as well as our larger and more pretentious towns. And now Darlington is all excitement over the revelation of the fact that a dashing and wealthy young farmer residing in that vicinity suddenly departed a day or two ago for terra incognita because of its becoming known that the population is about to be increased as a consequence of the said young man's illicit

intimacy with a highly respectable young lady, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Darlington township. And it is alleged that both the guilty parties applied to a physician at Darlington, and also to one at Beaver, to exercise their skill at prematurely removing the cause of their trouble, and thus prevent an expose of their shame, but no one could be induced to undertake an operation so dangerous and criminal. Our gay Lothario concluded, therefore, "that the better part of valor is discretion," sold his farm and departed. It is said that some four or five other young ladies have been left by him in the same condition as the particular one referred to; but of the truth of this allegation no satisfactory evidence has yet been given, although it is very current talk in Darlington and South Beaver townships.

The most faithful lover in New England was buried in Hartford a few days ago. A severe sickness left the lady to whom he was engaged an invalid for life. He declined her offer to release him from the engagement, and married her while she was in bed, and during their more than twenty years of married life she was unable to assist herself anyway, even to the raising of her hand to her head.



A "MASHER" WHO WAS DEAD-GONE ON A SWEET SINGER IS CURED OF HIS PROPENSITY FOR HAUNTING THE SCENES BY A PRACTICAL JOKE.



AN AUCTION OF PRETTY GIRLS TAKES PLACE AT A MASQUERADE BALL.
A "PRETTY GIRL" WHO SOLD HIGH TURNS OUT TO BE
A MAN; RIVERTON, NEB.

BAD GIRLS UNDER THE LASH.

A Reformatory That Needs to be Itself Reformed—
"Ducking" as a Means of Salvation.

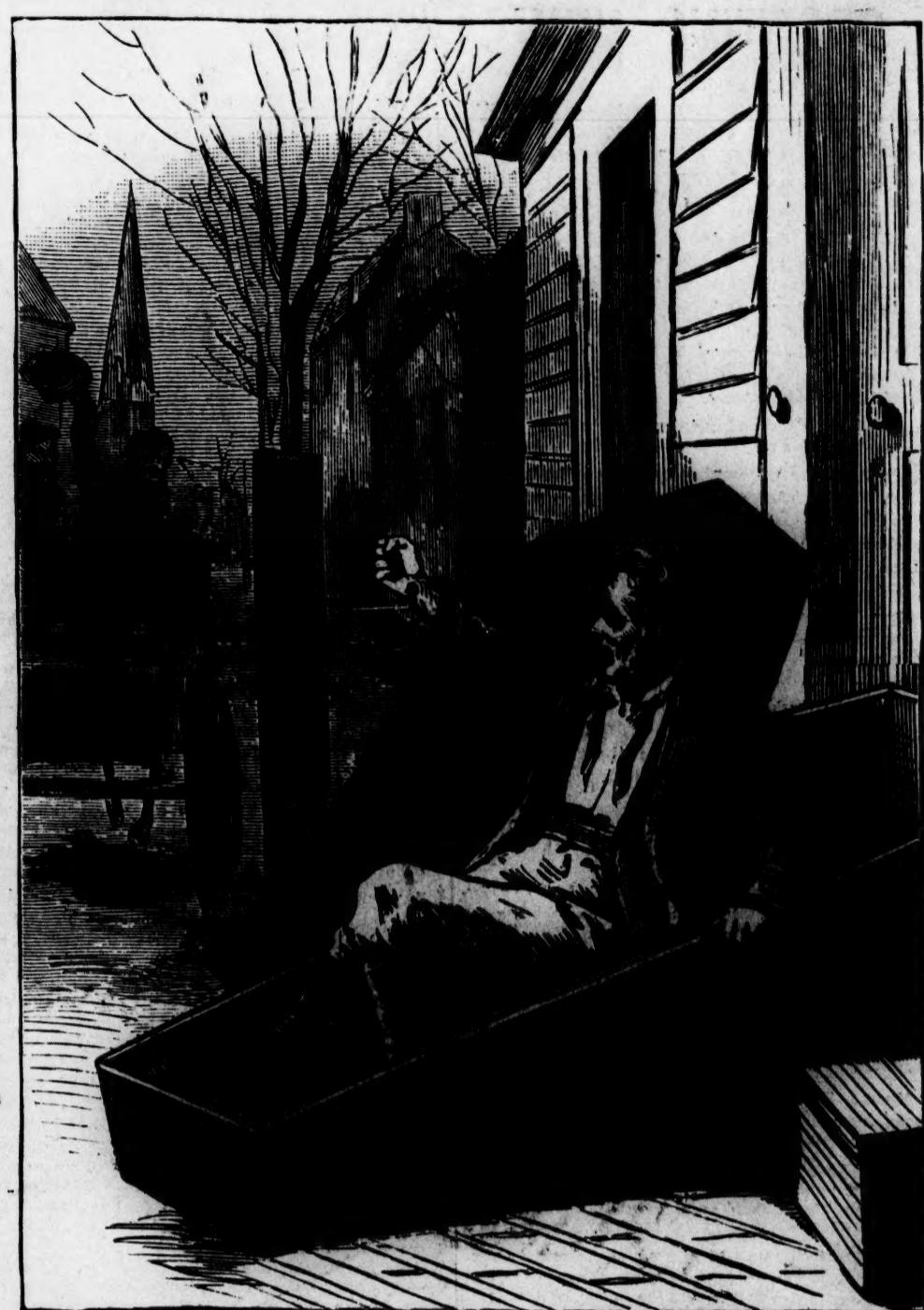
[Subject of Illustration.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 27.—Public attention is turning pointedly to the management of the state female reformatory, and evidence accumulates that the female theologians in charge are fresh-water Baptists in practice and of mixed religion in theory. An intelligent young girl, upon being interviewed by a representative of the Chicago Times, gave a statement of her experiences and observations, covering several months' sojourn in that place. In reply to the fault found with the conduct of the institution, the managers assert that the discipline complained of was in vogue several years ago, and, having been abandoned for something more humanitarian, comment thereon is barred by the statute of limitation. The alleged experiences of this girl are so recent that, if culpability attaches thereto, the perpetrators are not protected by the statute, and can be held responsible if a legislative investigation should discover abuses.

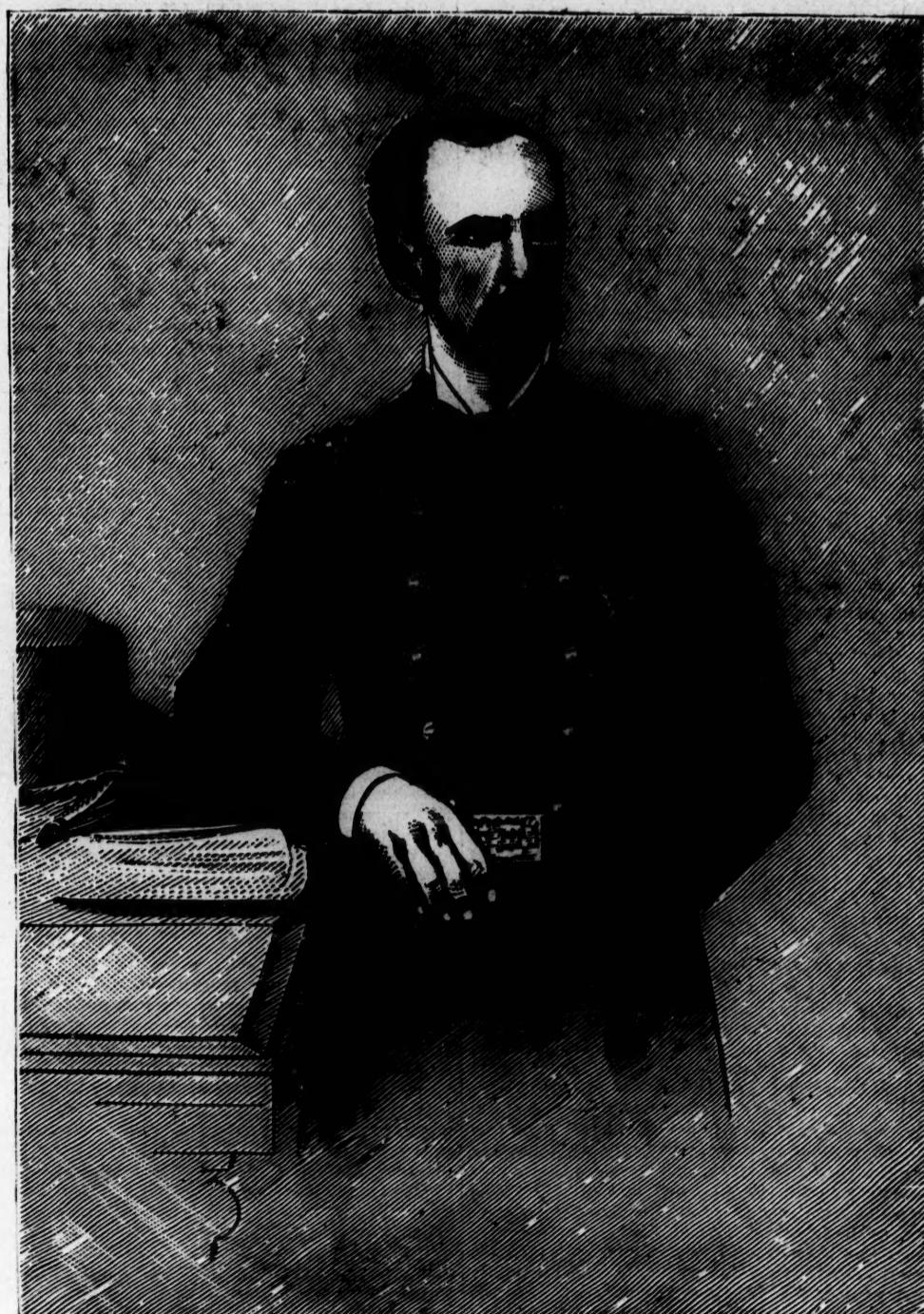
This girl described the "strap" as a thong of leather, moist and pliable. As a medicine it is laxative, for a few moments' application removes inclination for resistance. To use it effectually, the "patient" is stripped and thrown face downward, and while two officers crouch upon the head and feet a third applies the leather. It stings and burns, but does not cut through the flesh, and in this respect is preferable to the "down South" implement. Neither is any salt-water douche necessary if the punishment is inflicted.

"Ducking" is of equal refinement. The "patient" is stripped, and given a skirt made of bed-tick to hide her lower extremities. Then the play from the water-works begins, and is continued indefinitely. Sometimes the girl is tied hands and feet before the operation begins, or they are tied by the hands to the window or door fastenings, and left to squirm and writhe with keen physical torture while the drenching stream is mercilessly directed upon her. Quite naturally the "patient" likes to reflect after such an ordeal, and the "dungeon" follows, the confinement varying with the whim of the party inflicting the punishment or assessing the penalty.

Some startling assertions were made during the interview. Eva and Sarah Gains, of Evansville, were numbered among the favorite victims for "ducking" and solitary confinement, and were dosed liberally. Little Ada Harris was tied and water thrown upon her until the inmates, who peeped out and stealthily witnessed the torture, shivered with apprehension. She was young, hardly 14, and possessed of an ungovernable temper, which harsh measures failed to break. Shortly after this particular "ducking" she was removed to the insane asylum, and it was the belief of the witnesses that the insanity came from the deluge. After a short stay in the asylum, however, she was declared not insane, and, having re-



THREE MEN GET DRUNK WHILE BUYING A COFFIN FOR A DEAD NEIGHBOR, ONE IS LEFT INSIDE THE CASKET ON THE STEPS WHERE THE DECEASED PERSON LIVED; TODDVILLE, IA.



WILLIAM J. MCGARRIGLE, CHICAGO'S NEW CHIEF OF POLICE.

covered her physical vigor, was released from custody. Mattie Scott escaped, and upon recapture was "ducked" and locked up in the dungeon for weeks. Alice Hays, alias Nellie Shea, was another girl who was "strapped" and "ducked" and "handcuffed" time and again, and two months of her imprisonment was spent in the dungeon. Carrie Clink was compelled to lift heavy burdens, finally spraining her back and ending in her permanent injury.

And so the enumeration continued, straining memory to the utmost to keep pace with the records. If her story is truthful, the record is damnable in a humanitarian point of view; if untrue, the legislative committee will speedily find the flaw. The police captain who accompanied the reporter, although accustomed to tough stories, did not attempt to conceal his indignation and horror.

A Spree Over a Coffin.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, Dec. 26.—Three men came here from Toddville, this county, after a coffin for an old lady. They represented to the undertaker that the deceased was poor and that the coffin was to be charged to the county, which was done. With the money given them for the coffin the three got drunk, and while on their way home became engaged in a severe quarrel. Two of them beat the other until near dead, then put him into the coffin and drove home, setting the coffin with its contents on the doorstep of the house where it was needed. The man was found inside, and it is feared he cannot recover. Search has been made for the men, but they cannot be found.

Chicago's New Chief of Police.

[With Portrait.]

Wm. J. McGarrigle, who has recently been promoted to the Chief of Police in the Chicago, Ill., Police Department, is still a young man, and has won his honors by the possession of those sterling qualities which fit men to be leaders. His record as a police officer is one of which he has just reason to be proud. Energetic, thorough and conscientious in all that he does, it goes without saying that his new position will be creditably filled.

Selling the Beauties.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A mask ball was held at Riverton, Neb., recently, at which the masked ladies were auctioned off to the highest bidder. Quite a rivalry was gotten up over one demoiselle, who sold for the biggest figure offered for any lady auctioned off, and who, on unmasking, turned out to be one of the beaux of the city.

In the rue Notre Dame de Nazareth, Paris, is the following curious sign: "Bureau of Reconciliations.—Madame Tournier undertakes to act as intermediary between angry spouses, also for prodigal children."

SPORTING NEWS.

SPORTING ITEMS FROM CORRESPONDENTS
SHOULD BE FORWARDED EARLY IN
THE WEEK TO INSURE
INSERTION.

Important to Sporting Men.

The Police Gazette has in preparation, to be given free to each subscriber and purchaser of the paper, a large double page supplement illustrating the great international race at Farnborough, England, between Heenan and Sayers. Due notice will be given of the issue with which the picture will be presented. Sporting men should order copies of this number without delay, and the trade should send in their orders at once.

HANLAN commenced training at Putney on the 14th for the match with Laycock.

PERSONS who contemplate betting on Hanlan's next race should remember that Laycock rhymes with Hancock.

AT Philadelphia, recently, Sullivan ran 75 yards, while Madden hopped 50 yards. Sullivan ran the distance 118 1/2.

BEN HINMAN and Lord Quinn, two of the most promising yearlings in Kentucky, are being trained near Lexington.

SMART, who was brought up in Capt. Macmillan's stable at Newmarket, now trains the unbeaten Kincsem. "Birds of a feather," etc.

CHICAGO can certainly claim the fastest track. Maud S. made 2:10 1/2; Hopeful, to wagon, 2:16 1/2 and Sleepy Tom, the pacer, 2:12 1/2.

REPEATED efforts have been made to popularize trotting races in England, but up to the present time but little progress has been reached.

CHAR. G. SHAW was the successful bidder for By and By at the recent sale, that gentleman securing the famous filly for the sum of \$1,475.

AT Detroit, Mich., the boat-house and racing crafts of the Marshall, Mich., Boat Club, were burned the other morning. The fire was of incendiary origin.

MR. MACKAY, of California, is willing to match his two-year-old filly Sweetheart against Gov. Stanford's two-year-old colt Fred Crocker, for \$10,000 a side.

MESRS. THOMAS BOWEN and Crit Davis of Kentucky, have sold their fine trotting stallion Red Wilkes, to George Wilkes, to Mr. A. Smith McCann for \$3,500.

O'LEARY says: "I know Weston's weak points, and if I had him under my training I could make him do something bigger than anything that has been done yet."

JOHN SPAN, the noted trainer and driver, is anxious to arrange a sweepstakes stallion race next year, and he is willing to give \$2,000 or \$2,500 on behalf of Wedgewood.

BEND ON is well engaged for 1881. He is engaged in the Phenix Hotel, Blue Ribbon and Viley stakes, at Lexington, Ky., and the Kentucky Derby, Clark and St. Leger stakes at Louisville, Ky.

ACCORDING to the rules governing the *Sportman's* Champion Challenge Cup, now held by Hanlan, the holder is not obliged to row again in a less time than three months from the date of winning the trophy.

A DISPATCH from London says: "Robert Watson Boyd repeats his offer to row sculling match with Hanlan, of Toronto, over the Tyne Course for £500 a side, ten weeks after signing the articles of agreement.

GEORGE F. LESSON, the American champion billiard player, was defeated at Paris, France, by Maurice Vignaux through a double decision of the referee. The game was 3,000 points for \$2,000. Vignaux won by 30 points.

MR. ROBERT STEEL has sold his promising bay stallion Temple Medium, three years old, by Happy Medium, dam, the Queen's Daughter, by imported Leamington, out of the celebrated mare Flora Temple, to W. G. Dunn of New York.

MR. WM. BAER, the trainer and driver of Maud S., says that he has already driven the mare a mile in 2:10, and he confidently believes that before the close of next season he will be able to make her trot a mile close to two minutes.

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AT Pembroke College, Oxford, Eng., W. F. Beverley won the 100 yards, the 540 yards, the 120 yards hurdle (thrust 3 feet 6 inches), and the broad jump; while he was first at the high jump with 5 feet 1 inch, but a penalty against him of 2 inches gave it to J. R. Deyken, who did 5 feet. No time given.

LOOK out for the great book "The Champions of the American Prize Ring," which contains the portraits, history and battles of all the great pugilists that have fought for the championship of America from 1816 to the present time. Price 33 cents by mail. Send on orders to Richard K. Fox, Publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE, 183 William St., New York, and the publisher of "Glimpses of Gotham," "Favorites of the Footlights," etc.

WHEN Jim Carney, the noted Birmingham pugilist, arrives in America, the bone of contention will be the light-weight championship. Since Carney fought Punch Callow—a draw—in England, all the English light-weight pugilists have fought shy of him. On his arrival here Owney Geoghegan will match him to fight any light-weight pugilist for \$1,000 a side and the championship, so that Chambers and Clark will have their hands full. Carney can fight at 120 pounds.

LAST season the members of the Narragansett Boat Club, of Providence, R. I., rowed 7,731 miles; number of times out, 1,842; average distance pulled per time out, 4.13 miles; largest number of miles pulled by one man, 770; longest pull at one time, 25 miles—three men pulling this distance; largest average distance for each time out, 7 miles. Mr. Isaac B. Kirby, Jr., the present champion of the club, is credited with pulling the largest number of miles, as well as being the one of the three who took the longest pull.

LAYCOCK, the Australian oarsman, has gone into steady training for his race with Hanlan, which is fixed for Jan. 17. Half the stakes (\$250) have been posted, and the final deposit of £250 is to be put up Jan. 8. Wallace Ross has been engaged by Hanlan to train him, and the pair are rowing daily over the championship course.

FIVE hundred pounds sterling has been forwarded by Australian merchants of Sydney to make up the stakes and expenses of Laycock. The London *Referee* says that Hanlan will beat Laycock as easily as he defeated Trickett.

THE first meet of the Columbia College Hare and Hounds Club was held at Williamsbridge on the 23d. The start was made from Brost's Hotel, Central avenue, at five minutes to 11, when the hares—F. L. Henry and H. de B. Parsons—were sent away, the hounds following ten minutes after. The master of the hunt was R. H. Sayre and the whipper-in W. R. Travers, Jr. After an exciting chase, which lasted 3h. 10m., Travers reached the finish first, followed closely by Hyde, after whom came Sayre, Clarkson, Livingston and Rapallo in a bunch, while the rest of the pack came straggling along at various distances behind.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 28.—Dick Goodwin, the noted English light-weight pugilist, has issued a challenge offering to fight Dick Hollywood, now in New York, for \$600 or \$1,000 a side and the feather-weight championship of America. A reporter called on the ex-champion of the feather-weights in New York shortly after the challenge was issued. He was found in Matt Grace's saloon, making preparation for the benefit tendered to him. In regard to the challenge, Hollywood said that he was ready to fight Goodwin or any other man in America for the feather-weight championship of America, providing that the stakes were \$2,000 a side. If Goodwin was satisfied to induce his backers to stake the amount, he was ready to post \$500 forfeit and arrange a match, but under no other circumstances.

MICHAEL DONAHOU, the famous wrestler of Brooklyn, N. Y., recently returned to this city from Boston Mass. The light-weight champion went to the Hub to arrange a wrestling match with John Bolac of Fairfield, Vt., to wrestle collar-and-elbow for the light-weight championship of America. Bolac was recently defeated by Donahou in this city, and had his collar bone broken. He challenged Donahou to contend in another match, but when the latter desired to put up \$500, the Vermonter was afraid of the Irish-American champion. Donahou called at the office of the POLICE GAZETTE and left the following challenge: "I hereby challenge any wrestler in America to wrestle me collar-and-elbow, for \$100 to \$500 a side, and the light-weight championship. Soles of Fairfield, Hutchings of Marlboro, or Bolac of Fairfield, Vt., preferred. MICHAEL DONAHOU, Light-weight Champion. Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1880."

THE sporting testimonial benefit to Mr. James Magowan, manager of the POLICE GAZETTE at Lyric Hall, was a grand success. Harry Hill and Barney Aaron were masters of ceremonies. John McMahon, the champion wrestler, and Wm. L. Kennedy, wrestled. Egan and McLaughlin also had an exciting bout, but both athletes were injured, and the contest was undecided. The boxing was first-class. The principal bouts were between young Tom Lane and Jim Kane, Prof. Jordan and Billy Edwards, Johnny Reilly, Jimmy Kelly and George Tayor the colored boxer, made a great set to, and brought down the house. The wind-up was between Ed. McGlinchey of Bridgeport and Pete McCoy, the New Jersey champion. Both athletes displayed great science, and they battered each other for four exciting rounds. All the leading sporting men of New York were present. The entertainment was one of the best ever held in New York.

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AT Providence, R. I., Dec. 20, J. C. Daly, the Irish-American champion, of New York, and Duncan C. Ross, of Providence, formerly of Canada, wrestled a mixed match, including Irish style Greco-Roman, for \$500 a side. Duncan C. Ross is the Scotch-Canadian champion, and a tall, powerful athlete. Daly is also a tower of strength, pluck and muscle. The referee was Mike Gillespie, of Philadelphia, the pugilist who fought Mike Cleary and defeated Martin ("Fiddler") Neary. E. W. Johnson acted as umpire for Ross and Peter Merkley for Daly. The first and second bouts were Irish style; the third, Greco-Roman, and the fourth, Irish. Ross won the first fall; Daly was awarded the second for a technicality; Ross won the other two. During the third bout Daly lost his temper, and struck the referee because the latter refused to make a decision in his favor. Ross, provoked by Daly's actions and talk, then sprang at Daly and struck him in turn. The two wrestlers then sprang for each other, and the large audience surged toward the platform, when thirty policemen, who were detailed, at the word of command rushed upon the platform, and ranging themselves across it, drew their clubs to repel the expected attack of the crowd. Their action restored quiet, and the wrestling was proceeded with. At the end of the third bout the referee wanted to withdraw, but the manager of the affair would not permit him. During the last bout, while Daly was down, he struck Ross several severe blows with his fist, Ross returning the blows with interest. As Daly rose he again tried to attack Ross, but was prevented by the police.

THE great wrestling match between Clarence Whistler, the "Wrestling Demon" of Kansas, and William Muldoon, of New York, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler, will be decided in New York between the 1st and 10th inst. The conditions will be Greco-Roman style, best two in three fair back falls for the medal typical of the championship of the world and \$100. Muldoon's trophy and Whistler's stakes are now deposited with Mr. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York, and will be handed to the winner of the contest. The match is looked forward to with eager interest, and it promises to be the most interesting struggle ever witnessed. Muldoon is a member of the New York Police Department, and during his leisure time he is engaged in training. Muldoon's friends will bet any amount, from \$500 to \$5,000, that neither Whistler nor any other man in the world is able to throw the champion twice in three bouts according to the rules of Greco-Roman wrestling. Muldoon is not a betting athlete, but merely engages in wrestling because he enjoys the sport and is eager to excel as a champion. He is a perfect Hercules in build and a modern Hector or Achilles in wrestling. Whistler is also a wonderful and powerful athlete. He possesses great muscular development, and may be classed as one of the giant wrestlers of the age. He has met Edwin Bibby, a representative of Great Britain, and, while he was unable to win, he reversed all attempts of the greatest of all catch-as-catch-can wrestlers for his size to defeat him. Whistler's friends are confident that he will be able to defeat Muldoon, and they will draw heavy on their bank accounts on the day of the great contest. Both Muldoon and Whistler are gentlemen wrestlers and mingle in good society. They have a legion of friends, who desire to witness a grand contest in which strength, science and endurance are combined with courage and agility. The building has not yet been engaged, but as soon as a place for the match is secured the date of the contest will be made known. Judging by Whistler's and Muldoon's strength and science, the struggle promises to be an obstinate one.

THE following challenge was recently forwarded to the Sunday *Telegram*, Providence, R. I., by the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York. The challenge was authorized by John McMahon, the champion wrestler: In the *Telegram*, Providence, R. I., on the 10th inst., Duncan C. Ross, the Canadian champion athlete, published a card in which he claimed that John McMahon, the champion wrestler, had refused to arrange a match after he (Ross) had accepted the champion's challenge. In reply John McMahon desires me to state that he never heard of Duncan C. Ross' acceptance, or he should have at once replied to it in a business-like manner, as McMahon claims he has always been accustomed to do when challenged. Mr. Duncan C. Ross also claims that he has only heard of McMahon indirectly through myself; therefore I beg to inform the famous athlete through the *Telegram* that he can now hear from me directly and in a business-like way, as John McMahon authorizes me to state that he has posted a forfeit of \$50 with Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York, and will at once meet Mr. D. C. Ross or his representative at the POLICE GAZETTE office, New York, to arrange a match. The conditions of the match to be the best three in five falls for \$250 a side and upwards.

1. Two falls collar and elbow. Detroit rules.

2. Two falls catch-as-catch-can, each to wear strong pants and jackets, and the first throw in any position to lose the fall.

3. If a fifth bout is necessary, each contestant to decide the style for the final bout by tossing a coin. The match to be arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office, New York, and the contest to be decided in any city in the United States, thirty days from signing articles. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and C. C. Corbett, of the Providence *Telegram*, to decide upon a referee, and the stakes to be held by the POLICE GAZETTE.

Hoping a speedy solution of this match, and trusting the champion of the Maple Leaf will at once respond,

I remain yours,

W. E. HARDING.

A SPARRING exhibition for the benefit of the old feather-weight pugilist, Dick Hollywood, took place at Harry Hill's Theatre, on the 23d ult., which was the best that has been witnessed for years in this city, the volunteers for the occasion being the most expert sparringers and wrestlers in the country. The exhibition commenced with boxing by John Reilly and John Moore, who sparred three rounds very scientifically. Reilly making rather the best display in straight hitting and good stopping. Peter Croker and Mike Mulrey boxed three rounds of good sharp work, notwithstanding that Croker had been laid up for months with sickness and was quite thin and appeared weak while sparring. The honors were easy with this pair. Following these came the stage Mike Donovan and Jim Kane, the former having come, he said, to meet George Cooke. The sparring between Donovan and Kane was very fine and proved Donovan a master of the art of self-defence. Kane showed that he, too, understood how to "stop, hit and get away," but being out of condition soon evinced signs of having "bellows to mend." The colored pugilist, George Taylor, and Jimmy Kelly were next in order, and they gave the crowd one of their famous rattling

displays of hard boxing. The men hammered each other unmercifully for three rounds, and retired amid great applause and calls for a little more of the same sort; but the boxers had had enough for the day, and they knew it. Ed. McGlinchey and Johnny Reilly then made a most excellent set-to. Lambert and McCarty followed, and then Johnson and O'Donnell came on the stage for the best of three falls at collar-and-elbow. Johnson won. After this came a very rough engagement between John Cash and Mike Mulrey. It was noticed just before they came to the scratch that Cash was a little wild, and on the call of time he rushed at Mulrey like a madman, hitting right and left with all his strength. Mulrey followed suit, and at the termination of the second round Mulrey's right eye was bleeding freely.

SPORTING CORRESPONDENCE

ALL QUESTIONS SENT US PERTAINING TO SPORTING MATTERS WILL BE ANSWERED, AND CAN BE RELIED ON AS BEING CORRECT—LETTERS, PORTRAITS AND ALL COMMUNICATIONS IN REFERENCE TO SPORTING AFFAIRS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR, POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, 183 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Notice to Athletes.

All parties desiring to arrange matches at the POLICE GAZETTE office, New York, will please call between 11 A. M. and 2 P. M. All matches can be arranged at this office, and only challenges will be inserted that are accompanied with a forfeit. Challenges will not be given space in the sporting column of the GAZETTE unless the challenger sends a deposit.

Sporting men can arrange all their matches at the POLICE GAZETTE office any day between 11 A. M. and 2 P. M. Richard K. Fox, the editor and proprietor of this journal, or Wm. E. Harding, sporting editor, will hold the deposits and appoint a stake-holder and referee in all matches when it is optional with the parties or the contestants desire to do so.

GILBERT KING, Pontiac, R. I.—When we have space we will publish it.

THOS. V. KING, Burlington, Vt.—Please send on those pictures.

W. C. EASTON, Pa.—Coal was discovered in America at Ottawa, Ill., in 1869.

N. B.—Several correspondents' favors are left over to be answered next week.

M. S. Buffalo, N. Y.—John C. Heenan weighed 186 pounds the day he fought Tom Sayers.

ROBERT, Bradford, Pa.—The length of an Irish mile is 2,240 yards; an English mile, 1,760 yards.

A. O. B. S., Hopkinsville, Ky.—The Greenback party carried the state in the October election.

P. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Dwyer, the ex-champion pugilist, is a Canadian by birth. 2. No.

SUBSCRIBER, Pottsville, Pa.—R. A. Pennell has put up a dumb-bell weighing 301½ pounds.

LEONEL, Buffalo, N. Y.—H. Pennock, at New York, Dec. 13, 1870, elevated a dumb-bell 8,431 times in 4h. 31m.

POLICE GAZETTE, New Orleans, La.—1. He is a small built man. 2. Send for our life of Hanlan. Price, 8 cents.

G. W., Albany, N. Y.—"Glimpses of Gotham" and "Footlight Favorites" can be obtained by sending to this office.

H. H. H., East Saginaw, Mich.—1. Don't know the population. 2. Write Wm. Lovell, Twenty-eighth street, New York, he owned American Girl.

MONTE, Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. Gale, the English pedestrian, walked 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, one mile and a half each hour, August 26—October 6, 1877.

H. Q., Toronto, Can.—1. The fastest trotting time on record for one mile to saddle is 2:15%, made by Great Eastern at Fleetwood, N. Y., September 22, 1877.

D. B., Louisville, Ky.—1. Trickett defeated J. H. Sadler on the Thames 4½ miles for £400 and the championship of the world June 27, 1876. 2. The time was 24m. 36s.

S. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—The largest run at a four-ball game of billiards is 1,483, made by John McDevitt in a match with Wm. Goldthwait at New York on January 8, 1868.

W. G., Buffalo, N. Y.—The "History of the American Prize Ring" commenced in No. 141. Back numbers can always be obtained at this office, 183 William street, New York.

For Bow, Cold Spring, Md.—Heenan only fought three times in the ring. You win, as he never fought Jem Mace or Joe Goss. Heenan's battles were with Morrissey, Savers and King.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—1. Yankee Sullivan's picture has appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE. 2. That is all owing to circumstances. 3. Edwards won the light-weight championship by defeating Sam Collyer.

G. S., Shelbyville, Ky.—Ten Broeck, in a race against time at Louisville, May 24, 1876, when five years old, carrying 110 pounds, ran a mile in 1:19%, but that was not in a race with other horses.

NAT WRAY, Rochester, N. Y.—Ed O'Baldwin fought Marsden twice, and George Iles in the old country, and Joe Wormald in America, the latter fight being broken up by the police at the end of the first round.

P. W., San Francisco, Cal.—Judge Fullerton's time to wagon, 2:20%, made in California, November 21, 1874, was the best on record till Hopeful it in Chicago, October 12, 1878, trotting in 2:18%, 2:17, 2:17.

DAN, Chicago, Ill.—Edward A. Trickett was born at New South Wales, in 1851. He stands 6 feet 3½ inches in height and weighs 170 pounds. He rowed Hanlan and was beaten by the latter on Nov. 15, 1880, for £200 a side.

SCIRIO, Virginia City, Nev.—1. The Ward Brothers—the same crew that rowed at Saratoga—were beaten by the Paris crew, of St. Johns, N. B., on October 21, 1868, at Springfield, Mass. 2. The Wards have not been beaten since.

HARRY, Cincinnati, O.—1. In a race for the English rowing championship, Chambers beat Kelley September 29, 1859, in 25m. 25s. 2. Kelley beat Chambers August 8, 1863, in 23m. 23s. 3. Renforth's time against Kelley was 23m. 15s.

READER, Huntington.—1. No. 2. Write to C. C. Corbett, Telegram, Providence, R. I. 3. Send for the last four issues of the POLICE GAZETTE, they contain all the particulars of the Heenan and Savers' battle in 1860 at Farmborough, England.

W. H. G., New Rochelle, N. Y.—The fastest running time for 100 yards is 9½ seconds, made by George Seward of New Haven, Conn., in England. No charge is made for answering questions in the POLICE GAZETTE; cannot answer by mail.

H. L., Leadville, Col.—1. Signor Pedanto crossed the Genesee River at Portage, N. Y., on July 4, 1878, on a tight-rope, walking over a chasm 1,000 feet wide and 230 feet deep. 2. Christy's minstrels first appeared in New York at Palino's Opera House in 1847.

PAT MOONEY, Boston, Mass.—Send for "Glimpses of Gotham" and "Footlight Favorites." The books are the most sensational publications of the times. Both are published by Richard K. Fox, the publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE, 183 William street, New York.

S. W., St. Paul, Minn.—Jim Dunn (now an Alderman of Brooklyn, N. Y.) and Jim Elliott fought at Bull's Ferry, N. J., May 13, 1863. Dunn won in 12 rounds, lasting 57 minutes. Joe Coburn and Jim Dunn were Barney Aaron's seconds when he fought Collyer at Acquia Creek, Va.

ROWDY BOY, Pittsburg, Pa.—Henry Coulter and Lewis Cavitt rowed against Bernard and John Biglin for \$2,000 and the pair-oared championship of America at Philadelphia, May 20, 1872. 2. The Biglins won. 3. The distance was five miles with a turn, and the time was 32m. 1s., which is the fastest time on record.

STEAMBOAT, Troy, N. Y.—The dimensions of Pierre Lorillard's new steam yacht are:—Length on deck, 150ft.; on water-line, 135ft.; breadth of beam, 20ft. 4½in.; depth of hold, 9ft. 3in.; draught aft, 8ft. 4in.; forward, 5ft. 1in. Her engines are of the vertical compound type, having three cylinders—one of 20in. and two of 26in. in diameter, with a stroke of 24in.

G. W., Hamilton, O.—Aaron Jones died at Leavenworth, Indiana. 2. He was taken by James Ostrander, a river pilot, from New Orleans to Ostrander's farm five miles above Leavenworth, Indiana, (instead of Leavenworth, Kansas) on whose farm he is now buried. He was thought to have been poisoned some time previous. He had every attention that could be given him by the Ostrander family in his sickness.

H. G. R., Rochester, N. Y.—Bob Travers, the English pugilist, "was a colored man. He beat Malvern, Baker, Hatton, Crockett, Cleghorn, Hayes, Mike Madden, Dan Crutchley and Bos Tyler; was beaten by Joe Cobley, Bob Brettle, Jim Mace, Paty Reardon and Jim Dillon; fought George Baker (police interfered), and received forfeit from Johnny Walker, Jim Dillon and Mickey Gannon. He was the greatest colored pugilist that ever stood in the prize ring.

THE popular wholesale butchers of Brooklyn, N. Y., Messrs. Dwyer Brothers, are the next largest winners on the racing turf the past season, being less than \$8,000 behind the returns of George Lorillard. Luke Blackburn heads the list with \$45,975, and afterward the amount drops to \$7,675 for Quito. The total amount of winnings for the season were \$77,897 50.

In our next issue will appear a picture of Ben Hogan, the noted pugilist, who fought Tom Allen for the championship of America.

OUT TO-DAY.

The Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Complete and unabridged. With illustrations.

A Thieves' Letter. Written by himself in the "Slang Dictionary." New edition out to day.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

GENUINE PARISIAN PHOTOS.

Colored, \$5 per doz.; plain, \$3; or three samples for \$1. Sent by mail in sealed envelopes. Satisfaction warranted.

Notice—I have no agents in the U. S., and positively no photos forwarded if a self-addressed envelope is not sent with the order. No free samples. English correspondence. Letter postage, 5c.

R. d'ARX, 50 rue de Richelieu, Paris.

JUDGE for Yourself—if you wish to see the picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage, give your age, color of eyes and hair, and send \$3. money or 40c. postage stamps to W. Fox, box 33, Fultonville, N. Y.

GENUINE French Transparent Playing Cards, each card contains a rich and rare and spicy scene visible only when held to the light. Warranted to suit. Full playing deck of 52 cards sent by mail for 50c. cents. prepaid. Stamps taken. J. PATRICK, Box 5237, Boston, Mass.

YANCEY'S Diamond Store, 225 Broadway, near 21st Street. The largest and finest assortment of Diamond Ear-rings, Crosses, Studs, Rings, Pink Pearls, Cats' Eyes, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., at prices 25 per cent. lower than any other house. Send for Catalogue.

10 CENTS pays for the "Star Spangled Banner" 3 months; nothing like it; 19th year; 8 pages, illustrated; specimen free. Address BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

POKER!—If you want to win at cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. Brown, Salem, N. H.

NO HUMBUG.—French Transparent Playing cards, Pack 52, 40c. and stamp. 2 pks. 65. BREWER & CO., Jefferson N. Y.

50 Lithographed CHROMO CARDS, no 2 alike, 10c. Name in fancy type. CONN. CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

50 CHROMOS name in new type, 10c. by mail. 40 Agts. Samples, 10c. U. S. CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

\$72 a week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

30 PICTURES of Female Beauties, 10c. Illustrated Catalogues free. J. SEITZ, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

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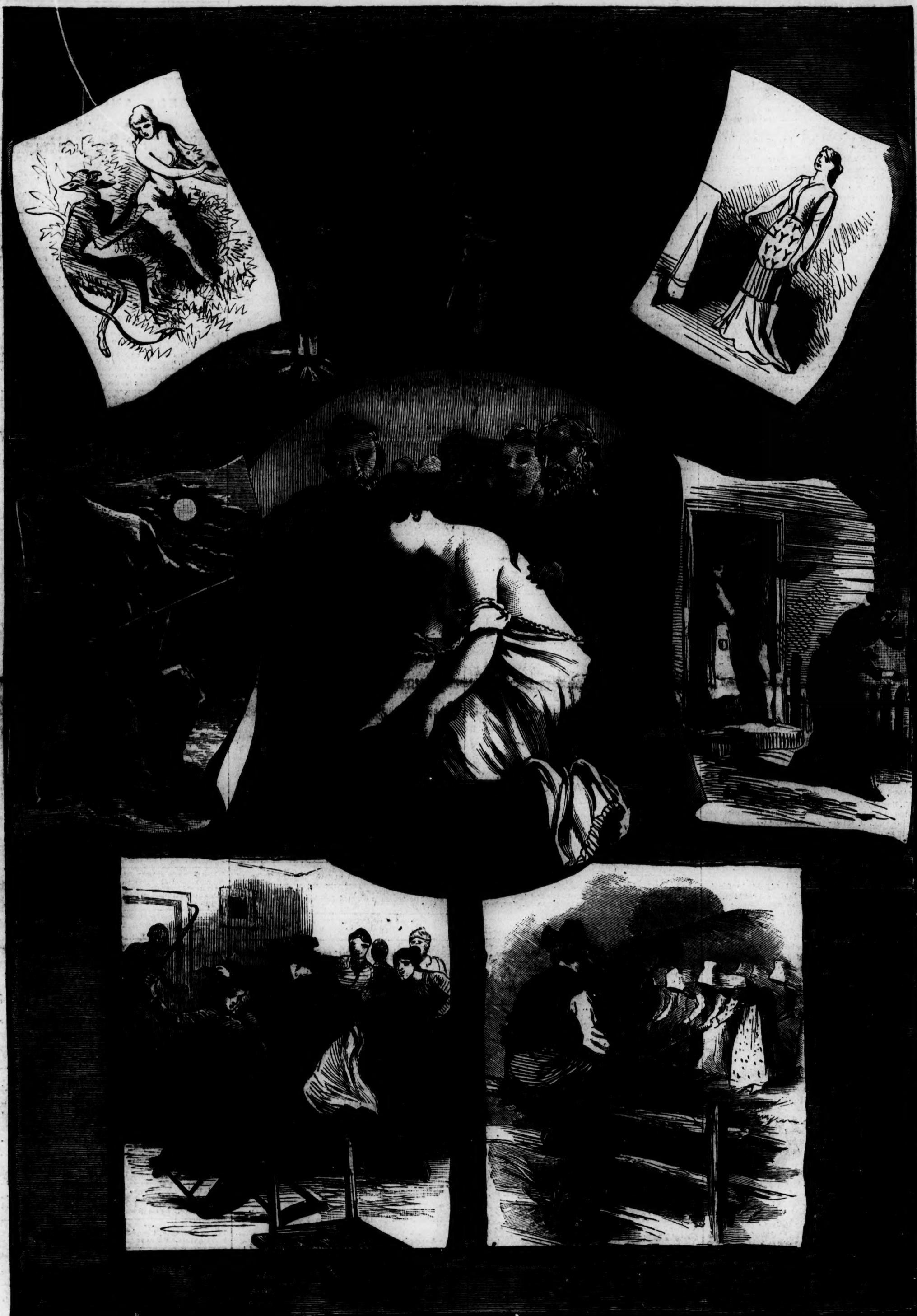
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